

ALBERT E BOWEN
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IMPROVEMENT ERA



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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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May Day

Dear mountain home, with dreamy gladness,
Fond mem'ry scans the fleeting years
When times and scenes of happy childhood,
Make thee a theme which still endears.

Fair May Day, what a rose-hued glamour,
Of happy thoughts thy name doth bring,
When sounds of children's gladsome voices
Make all the hills and woodlands ring.

With quick'ning step we'd seek the flow'rets
That blossomed 'neath the oak tree shade,
And butter cups of golden treasures
Were peeping from the canyon glade.

Full well we knew where grew the hair bells,
Where every blossom had its root,
For other years we'd watched with longing,
Yes, waited, for the buds to shoot.

And 'monst these scenes of sweet enchantment,
I think, though tired, with weary feet,
Of keen enjoyment, eating lunches
Beside the stream, in cool retreat.

And then, with lagging footsteps, turning
At last toward home to wend our way,
While youthful hands were fondly clasping,
In gorgeous hues, spoils of May Day!

Blest mountain home! the years have brought me
Far, far away from thy fair sky,
Yet on this joyous day of spring time,
On wings of mem'ry back I fly.

Raymond, Canada

Helen Kimball Orgill



The Religion Class of the Thirty-third Ward, Salt Lake City, which gave a demonstration of a word conference at the L. D. S. U. Leadership school, February 14-16, 1923

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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The Way of the World

By Preston Nibley

Tacitus, in writing his *Annals*, records the events of the burning of Rome at the time of Nero, and adds this significant passage:

"Nero judicially charged with the crime, and punished with most studied severities, that class, hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar called Christians. The originator of that name was one Christ, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death by the sentence of the procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition, thereby repressed for the time, again broke out, not only over Judea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the city also, where from every side atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish.

Thomas Carlyle, commenting on the above in his studied and reverent manner, has this to say: "Tacitus was the wisest, most penetrating man of his generation; and to such depth, and no deeper, has he seen into this transaction, the most important that has occurred, or can occur in the annals of mankind."

Truly, the wise and the learned of this world are not to be trusted in their judgments of the ways of God. The reverse is far more apt to be the case, for the ways of God have never been, and are not now, the ways of men. In the matter of religion is this especially true, where appearance and reality often bear small resemblance. For religion is certainly a matter of the heart, a condition of the soul. "My sheep shall know my voice," without argument, without persuasion, without public approval. To the great and learned Tacitus, what was the Carpenter's Son and his lowly following? Merely a "mischief" of passing moment. For Jesus of Nazareth appealed to those only who were in hunger and thirst after righteousness. The Roman historian was not of them, and he proceeded eloquently to condemn what he did not and could not understand.

Appearance and reality: How wide a space between them!

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The vulgar eye looks out upon the world and cannot discern the finger of God pointing and directing the ways of men. The vulgar eye sees but the vain, transitory appearance, the reality being hidden away from it, obscure by a veil thicker than night.

Let the reader also reflect upon the passage, hastily jotted down as a passing reminiscence in the autobiography of Thurlow Weed, who flourished in New York state as one of the brilliant statesmen and writers of the Civil war period. He records that, "about 1829, a stout, round, smooth-faced young man, between twenty-five and thirty, with the air and manners of a person without occupation, came into the *Rochester Telegraph* office and said he wanted a book printed, and added that he had been directed in a vision to a place in the woods near Palmyra, where he resided, and that he found a golden bible from which he was directed to copy the book he wanted published. He then placed what he called a "tablet" in his hat, from which he read a chapter of the *Book of Mormon*, a chapter which seemed so senseless that I thought the man either crazed or a very shallow impostor, and therefore declined to become a publisher, thus depriving myself of whatever notoriety might have been achieved by having my name imprinted upon the title page of the first 'Mormon' Bible. It is scarcely necessary to add that this individual was Joseph Smith, the founder of the 'Mormon' creed."

Oh, Thurlow Weed, great editor, brilliant orator, "shrewd politician," this also was an important transaction, and "so deep and no deeper" did you see into it. This book you would not print, was finally printed and was heralded far and wide by the lowly, the devout, the prayerful, as a divine and heaven-sent message. Gradually, too, it has penetrated, and is penetrating, into all lands and all climes where men and women look to heaven for divine guidance.

The noble and the select of this earth, those who have done most to elevate mankind, have invariably been "the humble seekers after God." The whole moral foundation of the world rests upon their work. History is so replete with proof of this that it needs only to be read to be learned. The Bible, the "book of books," what is it but the history of the devout men who sought God and whose lips he touched with divine fire? The reformers, those men who threw off the hideous burden that enveloped the people of the middle ages, Knox, Zwinglie, Calvin, Luther, they were all devout, humble, "praying men" who called mightily upon the Omnipotent power for inspiration, and went not away unheeded. If we have learned the lesson of history correctly, this, then, is our conclusion: That the instruments in His hands, who have been used for the accomplish-

ment of His righteous purposes, have been those and those only who have devoutly and humbly sought Him.

It is not curious, therefore, that in our day there should have been a wonderful manifestation of this truth. It is not curious that the boy Joseph Smith who went into the woods to pray for light and guidance, that spring day, in 1820, should have received it. It seems the most natural and plausible thing that could have happened, for to deny it is to deny the very source and fountain of that inspiration which has guided the world from the beginning. That he was poor, unlearned, not skilled in the arts of men, has absolutely no bearing on the condition of his faith and the purity of his prayer. The simple question was, would he heed God or heed men? The history of his short life abundantly shows that his confidence was placed in the heavenly power; that he thereby incurred the fury of men and became a victim of that fury.

No, it will not be different in our age than in other ages. As before, the "weak things of the earth" are brought forth to confound the wise and the mighty. A Brigham Young, obscure farmer boy with only "eleven days' schooling," who was he that God should be mindful of him? He was none other, more nor less, than a devout, humble, God-fearing man, capable of receiving inspiration, and heeding heavenly mandates. It is easy to fancy that in the providences of the Almighty any one of a thousand scholars could have been summoned to take his place, but "the burden of carrying on the Kingdom" which he shouldered like a Hercules might have proved too heavy for their backs. The strong heart, the undaunted soul, the reverent, faithful, humble man; he is the uncrowned king of this world, now and always.

A Sentiment Worth Remembering

The East India people have a saying well worth remembering and being put into practice, because it expresses the truth in such a direct way that it cannot be misunderstood. If it is heeded, very few will wander far from the straight and narrow way:

"So talk with God, as if men were listening;

So walk with men, as if God were present."—*J. C. Hogenson*

A Divorce Civilization Will Regret

By Dr. Hugh M. Woodward, Department of Education, Brigham Young University

A problem of modern civilization which is giving much concern to earnest observers is the separation of religious attitudes from the industrial, political, and intellectual interests of life. Of recent years there has been a marked increase in the tendency of individuals in society to have one code for religious interests, another for business, another for politics, and still others for different practical phases of life. In the world of education the separation of religious attitudes and pure intellectualism has reached such a point that many of our leading thinkers question whether university training is doing its part to prepare moral and ethical men. It is charged by one of the leading statesmen of the nation that many of the intrigues, plots, and unlawful schemes which are perpetrated against society in various phases of life are created and directed by university brains. It is to be deeply regretted that in our political life personal advantage, special privilege, and the desire to control, dominate to such an extent that men who should be statesmen are swerved from a conscientious path to one of mere expediency. The phrase, "It is business," represents the attitude of a large portion of the business world toward things financial and industrial. It is a terse way of saying that what holds good in ethics and morals and religion does not necessarily hold in the business world.

Selfish interests are not altogether to blame for the condition described above. The very philosophy of many of the churches concerning religious and practical life has done much to produce the separation. A minister called upon me some time ago and said he was desirous of doing the people of Utah as much good as possible. I asked him if he had any particular message to bring to them. He said his principal thought was to show the people the difference between "Mormonism" and Christianity. I asked him what the essential characteristics of Christianity are as he conceived them. He said the main one was to do good to others, and I asked him if that were the dividing line between "Mormonism" and Christianity.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't say that."

"Well what are the other elements of Christianity as you understand them?" After naming a number, each time I would

ask him if that were the thing that makes the distinction between "Mormonism" and Christianity.

Finally he said, The great difference between 'Mormonism' and Christianity lies in the fact that the 'Mormons' have blasphemed God and degraded religion by making it so materialistic and by laying so much stress upon the temporal and practical in their religious worship." I asked him if he conceived of the temporal and practical as being contradictory to the spiritual.

He said, "There are two elements in the universe, material and spirit. Spirit is always opposed to the temporal or material and the material is opposed to the spirit.

This notion of spirituality is a very common one. Here spirituality is conceived of as some element of human life abstracted from the rest of life. The monks who withdrew from the political and social life of Rome in order to engage in religious pursuits to the exclusion of everything else, had something of the same philosophy. Some years ago I spent a week in southern Utah with Dr. H. H. Powers. After saying many fine things about the people of this section he said, "There is one thing in which I have been very much disappointed. It seems to me that the "Mormon" people have become a spiritualless people. They have become so engrossed in the temporal things of life that the spiritual has been neglected."

It was evident that Dr. Powers had a conception of spirituality akin to the one just described. I explained to him that the "Mormons" had not become a spiritualless people because they had included temporal interests in their religion, but that they had an entirely different notion of spirituality, that spirituality of them was not a something separated from the rest of life but rather an attitude toward all the interests of life. The spirituality which dominates the Latter-day Saint Church is a tendency in the souls of the people to seek co-operation and a better adjustment with the intelligent, progressive and safe powers of the universe, to co-operate with God in all the affairs of life in such a way that political, social, and industrial interests might be lived with an eye single to the greatest spiritual development of the individual; that the individual who lives the philosophy of the "Mormon" Church is not self-sufficient in business and politics and intellectuality, and humble only in his supplication to God, but he looks upon life as a unit. He looks upon the temporal, the spiritual, and the social as important elements of a life that can be lived in co-operation with the directing Spirit of God. He is, therefore, humble in all things and strives for greater inspiration and knowledge of God, for a better adjustment to the universe as a whole, for a more

perfect co-operation with other individuals in the business of creating "life more abundant." He is also grateful for his job, whether it be on a farm, in the factory, or as a professor of education, and looks upon it as an opportunity of co-operating with God in bringing to pass a richer life for the souls of men. He, therefore, becomes whole hearted in his response toward the progressive forces of life. As he strives to see the oneness in the purpose of the intelligent forces of the universe, he becomes a student of the highest order. His scientific research in the various fields is as much a prayer to God for co-operation as is his supplication in his secret chamber. His efforts to construct the temporal things of life, in the colonizing of new territory, building useful industries, or creating means of harmless enjoyment are as much a sermon for good as is any that could be delivered from the pulpit. He sees the handiwork of God in all things that exist, and therefore his entire life, whether it is in the construction of temporal things, scientific research, philosophic thinking, or prayer and devotion to his Creator, is controlled by his overwhelming desire to co-operate with the responsible and life-giving forces of the world. More than this "Mormonism," in its actual workings, has presented an example which corresponds to this philosophy.

About two years ago a prominent educator said to me, "The remarkable thing about your Church is that it seems to satisfy all classes—the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, men as well as women, and the old as well as the young." This universal satisfaction is no mere chance. One reason for it, no doubt, is the importance placed upon the entire range of man's legitimate activity. The Latter-day Saints have not become spiritualless, as was suggested, but because of their fundamental philosophy concerning the nature of matter and spirit, they have spiritualized the temporal and practical, and made practical the spiritual. The prayer has become a part of the digging of the ditch, and the digging of the ditch has become a part of their prayer. There is no special group of individuals who are trained in spirituality because spirituality is not conceived of as something that can be wrapped up in a robe. It is rather an attitude toward all the phases and interests of life. The bishops of wards and presidents of stakes, from the beginning of the Church, have been chosen because of their ability to do practical things, and because of their attitude that all these practical things should be done with an eye single to the glory of God and a complete development of the individual. The Church has concerned itself with the building of educational systems, social and recreational systems, industries which would make for a stable and wholesome community life; and, in fact, with

all things that pertain to the lives of its members. Every man, woman, and child in the Church becomes a worker and bears a responsibility equal to his or her ability to serve. The various Church duties assumed pertain to all the worthy interests of life. The spiritual attitude is a thing common to all. The deacon of twelve years has it in the cutting of the widow's wood as well as has the President of the Church in the management of a general conference. There is no place that a line can be drawn where one set of interests can be called religious and the other temporal, where one can be called spiritual and the other intellectual. Consequently, the entire range of interests of the individual who espouses the philosophy and the system, is unified by a religious attitude, the principal characteristic of which is a belief that all things are good which contribute to a man's greater joy and satisfaction.

There are many reasons for the apparent separation that has taken place in society in these various life interests. It is not my purpose to discuss them here. Some, perhaps, have been unavoidable, and some are avoidable, but the fact remains that where the separation has taken place, and where the moral and ethical grip does not control the intellectual forces, selfishness, greed and dissipation have taken the place of altruism, statesmanship, and a responsible, temperate life. How far the forces of society can be trained to take on this unified attitude only the future can tell, but if "Mormonism" should do nothing more than present to the world a practical demonstration of a unified religious attitude in the solution and living of the entire range of life interests, it will perform a service to the world the beneficial results of which cannot be measured.

Provo, Utah.

Little Blossoms

You are late, very late, little blossoms,
 The sun would not woo,
 While the north wind blew,
 And that made you late, little blossoms.
 'Tis true, you are late, little blossoms,
 We've watched for you long,
 Since rang the first song,
 Of the birdlings' return, little blossoms.
 Though you are late, little blossoms.
 We're glad you are here,
 Your faces of cheer
 Make our earth the more fair, little blossoms.
 And we know your sweet breath, little blossoms,
 Exhales from the deeps
 Of your heart, where sleeps
 Your best gift for man, little blossoms!

Provo, Utah

Grace Ingles Frost

Flowers from Memory's Garden

By Mrs. Deseret F. Eyring

A Letter from a Mother to her Son

Dear Son:—As the “honey bee” was searching for a poem to send you, she came across the one entitled, “Give Them the Flowers Now.” I am copying it to send in this letter, not to remind you to send flowers, but to show you that I appreciate those you have already given me.

In memory I see a small boy kneeling by his mother's side, as he is taking his first lesson in rose and flower planting. He often helped in this way until his mother's health failed, and then he did all the planting, while she looked on and gave instructions.

I wonder if you remember the first two rose bushes, the canary-colored tea rose, the favorite of the May Queen and the girl graduate, and the “June” rose with its delicate pink color and sweet perfume. I know you will remember our first rose garden in which we planted the roses we received from the East, and how those were cultivated and pruned until they and the “June” rose vied with each other in beauty and fragrance. Of course you remember the climbing vines that covered the arbor leading to the north gate. Here honeysuckle, trumpet-creeper, woodbine, myrtle, and ivy ran riot, and the cherry and apple trees made dense shade. The blossoms of the cherry tree were the first of our flowers to attract the honey bees, the fruit from the apple tree was the joy of the children. Under the trees we planted our first lawn which we encircled with beds of iris. Then you will remember the vines that grew over the north porch wall; the wisteria bore such large clusters of blossoms, some lavender and some white, while the vine that resembled the jasmine made such thrifty growth that it almost covered the porch roof with immense chocolate colored clusters of bloom.

On the south wall the crimson-ramblers made such a promise of beauty, but always failed us just when coming into bloom, because mildew spoiled their beauty. The other climbers on this wall were more kind, some of our darkest and most beautiful roses grew there.

Now come with me to the north side of the house, and look at the triangular gladiolus bed where we planted the bulbs the

spring you left for the University. You did not get to see those flowers, but mother spent many happy evening hours sitting on the porch admiring the gorgeous array of color. In memory, see the two east gardens on either side of the path to the east gate. Here shrubs and perennials grew. Perennial phlox, with their immense clusters of white, salmon, pink, lavender, and rose-pink blooms, grew to perfection. They were the first to break through the soil in Spring and the last to disappear in Autumn. In these gardens the canna lilies and chrysanthemums grew. The red-hot-poker stood like a sentinel to guard the corners where the crimson syringa and box plants had their home. A bridal-wreath stood on each side of the gate, and near the fence grew the mock-orange, with its dainty white bell-shaped blossoms with yellow centers. Not far away was the golden-glow, and near it stood the sweet brier rose. Near here I planted the peonies you sent me. I still remember the large white flowers that looked like frosted snow. The centers contained a crimson spot and the petals splashes of delicate color.

Do you remember the honey suckle and the myrtle that grew on the north side of the store room? Here the song-sparrows loved to congregate and sing their evening and morning songs. Although they were near the kitchen door, they were not afraid, for we never killed our birds. Near the door of the store-room stood an old tub on a high bench. We had splendid success raising pansies from seed in this unsightly seed bed. Under a low growing tree that grew near, we planted a violet bed. The violets received just enough sun and just enough shade. The purple varieties were so large and fragrant, the white kind had such long stems, were marked with blue and were always in bloom. Just to the south was our youngest rose garden, with its twenty very choice roses, the pick of the flower catalogues. You did not get to see this garden at its best, it was the joy of your mother's heart.

You surely have not forgotten the climbing roses on the south wall of the house. It seems but yesterday that you stood on a high ladder as you tacked strips of cloth across the rose stems to hold the vines in place. Some of the vines were so thrifty that they seemed to wish to reach to the top-most part of the gable. Some were in bud in February and buds were still to be found in November. How we learn to love the "Pillar of Gold" with its bronze-green foliage, its almost thornless stems, and its wonderful roses. The roses—what beauties, their apricot color blended and tinged with pink, their perfume all that one could ask for. These roses clustered around my bed-room window; they smiled at me and gave me cheer in the long

hours while I was alone. This is my memory garden and linked with it is the memory of my children whose labors helped to make all this beauty possible.

Circumstances made it best for us to come north to live with you. I remember how no pains were spared to make us welcome. You led me to a sunny window and said, "I thought you would miss your flowers, mother dear, so I have made you a little garden just outside. You can see the flowers from this window." I truly enjoyed that garden, a patriotic garden planted with red, white, and blue asters. Later we moved to another home. Of course, you remember the Dorothy Perkins climber with its clusters of dainty pink roses, growing by the side of the crimson-rambler which did not mildew this time.

I well remember the following Christmas, our first flowers from the green house were purchased. Their fragrance filled the whole house. Then came the Easter lily, at Easter time. I took great pleasure in the weeks that followed watching the buds unfold, and now, although years have passed, when I close my eyes I can still see my favorite flower, my perfect Easter lily.

When you were east at school, I sometimes felt very lonely. On Mother's Day I longed to hear from my children. The postman made his last call. There was no letter, mother could hardly repress her tears, when lo—a messenger boy arrived with a box of flowers. The card indicated that the flowers were from you and your dear wife. The box contained seven beautiful carnations, fresh, young, and fragrant. They were a joy to your mother in and of themselves, and they breathed love from my children—this was a greater joy.

Now, dear son, I wish to thank you for the many beautiful bouquets and potted plants which you and your dear wife and her thoughtful mother have given me, for the happiness I experienced in your home among the flowers, and for the wild flowers you brought home from Timpanogos.—And, now dear son, if Providence decree that you should not be near me when my "closed eyes cannot see the white roses," I want you to remember that you have always given me flowers, and with your kindness and thoughtfulness have brightened my life, and that I do not forget the "bloom from the happy heart's garden, plucked in the spirit of love." And if mother receives an inheritance on the glorified earth and has a home surrounded with flowers, one of my greatest joys will be to have you visit me there and walk with me through that garden while we contemplate the undreamed of beauty of the flowers that never fade.

"Blooms from the happy heart's garden
Plucked in the spirit of love,

Blooms that are earthly reflections
 Of flowers that blossom above;
 Words cannot tell what a measure
 Of blessing such gifts will allow
 To dwell in the lives of many,
 So give them the flowers now!"

Snowflake, Arizona

Your Loving Mother,

The Navajo Shepherd

Only a hogan is his home,
 A rounded hut of wood and clay;
 A shelter from the chill of night
 And from the burning day.
 Seen from his door, the world around
 Has neither claimant, fence, nor bound
 But cedar groves and sage-brush gray,
 And pinon forests for away.

He is a shepherd of the wastes,
 Where distances the eyes bedim;
 His wealth of flocks that he infolds
 Within the desert's rim.
 His the wild life where distance blends
 The earth and sky in craggy ends,
 And haunting solitudes are grim
 With sand-dunes to the vision's brim.

Lonely his life and few his wants—
 A lonely, lonely life and free,
 Where comfort brings its happiness
 Through frugal industry;
 And here his wife contented lives
 Enjoying what each season gives;
 A life in nature's harmony—
 All she desires to be.

Crooning her labor-chant, she weaves
 Close by her lowly curtained door,
 The blankets filled with mystic signs
 Of ancient tribal lore.
 The emblems that some thought portrays
 Of history and tribal ways—
 The Indian legends told of yore
 Her warp and woof restore.

Only a hogan is his home!
 And here infolded in its wall,
 His wife and children have his love—
 Held in the desert's thrall.
 His creed has in its circle cast
 The dreamful worship of the Past,
 With faith that whatsoe'er befall
 There's one Great Spirit over all!

Payson, Utah

Joseph Longking Townsend.

Babies vs. Fame

By Mrs. Agnes Just Reid

Codyville, Wyoming, Thursday.

My very dear La Vern:—Your long and interesting letter came today. I love you but you and the rest of my friends are certainly an awful trial to me. I have had no less than ten letters bearing the same lamentations that yours does, that I was foolish to marry and waste the gift with which I have been so unaccountably blest. In the first place I am not sure that my drawing is anything to rave over and if it is I see nothing in love and happy marriage that should so seriously handicap its development. Just because I could make pictures better than anyone in school, or perhaps anyone of our acquaintance, is no reason that I am a Rembrandt. Of course I appreciate the compliment that you all pay me in thinking that I am. It gives me the most pleasurable sensation in the region of my solar plexus, but all the time I realize that you all have prejudiced eyes for me.

You say to me, "But there'll be babies," and even in cold ink, I can hear the tragedy in your voice as you say it. Of course, there'll be babies. I expect fifteen or so in the course of our lives. Why, it would be criminal for anyone as happily married as I am, and as happily and comfortably "homed" not to have babies! You wonder how I'll ever be able to take care of them and still have time for my drawing. Well, you just come see me in ten or a dozen years and I will show you. Surely you of all persons should know that house keeping with me is sort of a joke. What have I been keeping my daddy's house for all these years since I was eleven, if not to gain efficiency in that line? You surely haven't forgotten how I could always turn off more work than any three of you other girls. I know I am vain over my accomplishments but it is a source of real pride to me to think when I hear other women pitying themselves over the burdens of wash day and the tragedy of dishes never washed, that those things are always done so quickly at our house that I never think of them. And cooking; I always have thought I was most as clever as that girl in the old, old song who could "make a cherry pie, quick as a cat can wink his eye." You know I can make a pie while most folks are getting ready

to. Anyway, the people who know, tell me that before one can succeed in artistic lines he must first live and know life and that is what I am starting out to do.

Your calling may be to train other people's children; Helen's may be to nurse sick people back to health; next to motherhood teaching and nursing are the finest vocations in the world, but here is the real reason that I have chosen home-making and motherhood. You know my grandmother and remember how we girls all loved to visit her and hear of her remarkable experiences as a pioneer. She surely is a grand mother to me as well as to my daddy. In the early, early days in Montana she was deserted by her husband, four months before my daddy came to earth. Before this unthinkable tragedy, she had been associated with theatrical people and had gone on the stage several times taking minor parts. She undoubtedly had dramatic ability, and when she was left alone, to become a mother, the old stage manager and his wife made her the most flattering offer. They would take care of her and the baby and train her for the stage. She was then only nineteen years old and they recognized her ability, but in that day, the stage was looked down upon, and she feared she could not be a good mother and a good actress at the same time. Young as she was, she turned away from the lure of pretty things to wear and the comforts of civilization, and came into the wilderness where she could raise my daddy in the way that daddies should be raised. After she told me that story she said: "And have I ever regretted my decision? No, indeed. I have never envied an actress her life before the foot lights, but if I had chosen differently and had even become a Maude Adams or a Sarah Bernhardt, I could never have passed a little cozy home, with a family gathered around the evening lamp, without being torn to pieces with envy and regret."

Another thing I have never told you, and it is a great secret, because George is so very modest that he never even told me, until long after we were married. He has a lot of inventive genius. He has patents on several small articles and is working on others. It may happen that, after all, he is the unheralded genius of the family. Wouldn't you girls change your ideas about my farmer if he should turn out to be an Edison? Well, my drawing is certainly a great help to him anyway. He tells me all about his plans and I make them. He thinks I am a wonder to be able to put his ideas on paper just as if they were my own, and I think he is a wonder to be able to have such ideas, so aren't we happy? Well, I should think we are. Anyway, if he does not turn out to be an Edison, his work will

bring in a few extra dollars, and more than that, add the most joyous interest to life. The days are not long enough for him to be in the fields making the crops grow with his hands and inventing things with his head. I've heard that really, truly inventors are disagreeable and absent-minded but either he is not real, or else he's different. He is just the thoughtfulest, kindest husband, and happy, he whistles or sings every minute of the day.

I wish you could see our garden. It has everything in it. I never did take very kindly to out-door work, but George says it is lonesome working in the garden alone, so every evening, he wipes the supper dishes, then we work together in the garden for one hour, and we surely work hard and fast. Then when there isn't a weed in sight, we take that evening hour for a horse-back ride together. The ride, however, is not always limited to one hour. Sometimes we are out until far in the night.

A visit from you is all that I desire to complete my happiness.

With love,

Margaret.

Shelley, Idaho, R. D. No. 2

Spring

O come with me, O happy be;
We'll stroll away where flowers lay,
O gladly sing, cares from you fling,
For in sweet lay, 'tis spring, birds say.

O come, O come, your work begun
Can wait a day, O come away;
We'll go and roam o'er earth's warm loam,
And joyful play this bright spring day.

Winter's cold spell is gone, buds tell,
The forest birds, in warbled words,
Just seem to say, O come away,
Let's gayly fly through spring's blue sky.

The great woods teem with life unseen.
Let's search their depths, until our steps
Lead where we'll see, with pulsing glee,
It's sights new-old, it's wealth untold.

The very sod bespeaks of God;
The dew, the birds, in nature's words,
Say, haste away, how can you stay?
On magic wing we'll roam with spring.

Zephyrs harps play melodious lay,
All earth is glad, no one is sad,
'Tis God-given day, come, come away,
The world doth ring with joy, 'tis Spring.

Laie, Oahu

M. F. Kirkham

Our Tribute of Love*

By S. H. Spencer, Principal Montpelier Seminary

I join myself tonight with the sons and daughters present and gratefully act as their mouthpiece in voicing a united tribute of love to our parents.

To our mothers we pay first tribute. We realize now, dear mothers, that you entered the valley of the shadow of death that we might live. Yours was the watchful love that guarded us in our days of frailest infancy. Yours the soft hand that cooled our fevered brow and soothed our murmuring soul. Yours were the feet which so quickly and uncomplainingly brought you to us no matter how often we called. Your kiss administered in sympathetic love was the best antedote for all our childish bumps and bruises. You were the haven from all storms.

Exultingly we brought to you our first school-day achievement and no matter how crude the product you found it worthy of praise.

In self sacrifice you preferred the neck or the back of the chicken that we might have the breast or the leg. The same deep love caused you to forget longed-for concerts and balls that we might have your care, or perchance that we might attend.

Long hours at night, after our work and worries were buried in slumber, you toiled on, patching, darning, making, that in daylight's brilliance we might appear becomingly in spite of scanty family finance. Regularly, punctually, three times daily you satisfied our giant appetites and just as regularly wracked your brain to know what to get under the conditions provided you. But this is but half.

To another side of us you ministered equally well. Your lips were first to teach us of a great God. Following your utterance we lisped our baby prayers. Seated at your knees we listened to stories of truth and bravery and because of your admiration for the good and noble we vowed to be so. Surely because of these things and many more unnamed we must say with honored Lincoln: "All that we are or ever hope to be, we owe to our angel mothers;" or agree with Richter when he said, "To the

*Read at an M. I. A. Assembly met to honor parents.

man who has had a good mother all women are sacred for her sake."

The likeness of the love you have given us, dear mothers, is not equaled in this mortal state. No matter how callous or ungrateful we were, yet it enfolded us. Well did Kipling say:

"If I were hanged on highest hill,
Mother O mine, O mother O mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother O mine, O mother O mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother O mine, O mother O mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother O mine, O mother O mine!

If I were cursed of body and soul,
Mother O mine, O mother O mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother O mine, O mother O mine!

But our tribute is only partially given. You, our dear fathers, are not forgotten. You were the brave knights of our childhood. All tales of hardihood and daring found in you a suitable setting. For your home-coming we watched expectantly hours before you could possibly arrive. You were our playmate in romps. Your back was the first on which we gleefully rode. Your foot and knee were better horses than we have found since, because their motion was guided by fatherly love. Upon all fours you served us equally well as dog or bear. You cared more for boys than for straw stacks, and we shall ever remember our joys of "Bunker Hill."

You were seldom going to far, nor were you in too big a hurry but that we might go, and if driving you often let us hold the lines.

Often you wore your old suit another year that we might have new ones. Continually you breasted the severest of storms that we might be in comfort.

You were the companion of our childhood, the ideal of our youth and the standard of our manhood. You made us partners with you in your business. You gave us nickles and dimes, colts and calves to be indeed our very own. You trained us in thrift and industry and gave us a heritage of self reliance that shall be to us a lasting blessing.

And now, dear parents, may we pay you tribute jointly? You made a house a home. You took turns reading us stories. You played games with us. You taught us to love good books and good companions. You made our home an Eden. For us the street had no charms, and from indecent stories we fled as from poisonous snakes. You blessed us with good bodies, un-

encumbered with inherent weaknesses. You implanted within us faith in God and trust in humanity. You gave us a name, noble and untarnished. You set us an example in devotion to all that is noble and Godlike, and pointed an ideal from which we cannot side step, even should we wish. Surely we must call you blessed and do you honor all our days, for if we fall below the best there is in us we shall have proved ungrateful to you and undeserving of your trust.

Montpelier, Idaho.

Tobacco Men Shaky About Publicity

By Will H. Brown

A man who had been brought into court for trial was very nervous. In the hope of calming him the Judge said: "Don't worry; I'll see that you get justice." With blanched face the defendant blurted out: "That's just what I'm afraid of!"

A topic much discussed in the tobacco organs has been as to whether or not a "tobacco exposition" should be held in some large city. Such a move would no doubt be pleasing to anti-tobacco workers in general, for it would surely furnish them with a lot of good arguments against the business. In the "good old days" when "personal liberty" talk was heard in connection with the fight against liquor, some boozier suggested organizing "liberty parades" throughout the country as a protest against the rising tide in favor of prohibition, but a distiller headed off the proposition by declaring:

"Never! If people ever saw you fellows together in a bunch it would be the end of the liquor business!" The parades were never held.

The *Tobacco Leaf*, which has labored earnestly to keep tobacco men in the "safety zone" of public opinion, is shaky about holding a tobacco exposition, saying editorially: "This industry has men who detect great danger in some kinds of publicity that, to the ordinary publicity man, would appear to be both innocent and helpful. We in the tobacco industry know that the trade is constantly on trial before public opinion. We know that legislatively and hygienically it is *always walking on thin ice*, and it has many enemies, individual and organized, hidden and exposed."

"Walking on thin ice," is certainly the truth about tobacco, in view of the rising tide against the whole business.
Oakland, Cal.

Woman's Highest Honor—Motherhood

By Caddie Davis

The Latter-day Saints have often been ridiculed on account of their belief in the pre-existence of spirits, and in marrying for time and for all eternity, both being Bible doctrines.

A lady may ask: Where did I come from? What is my origin? What am I doing here? Whither am I going? And what is my destiny, after having obeyed the truth, if faithful to the end?

We will endeavor to answer the questions in brief, as we understand them.

We understand that our heavenly Father has worked out a plan for man's salvation. They who kept their first estate shall be added upon, and they who kept their second estate shall be added upon for ever and ever. Among the Latter-day Saints one Bible quotation has become a maxim to the effect that to be perfect in the sight of the Lord, man is not without the woman nor the woman without the man. We believe that marriage is a part of that plan. We are told in Ecclesiastes 3:14, that "whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever:" nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it, so marriage was not for time alone but for all eternity. The Latter-day Saints' salvation is not complete without marriage and that in the temple.

After marriage the Latter-day Saint girl by the name wife, must endeavor to gain greater heights. The priesthood is not received nor held nor exercised in any degree by the women of the Church; but nevertheless the women of the Church enjoy the blessings of the priesthood through their husbands. This emphasizes very strongly the importance of marriage. During wifehood the woman prepares herself for a greater work, that greater work is the sacred one of motherhood.

You will remember that the commandments given to Adam and Eve were that they should multiply and replenish the earth.

We believe that in heaven there were and are many spirits ready to come down here and take bodies; our heavenly Father had to prepare some way to receive those spirits, and he gave that great work to the mothers. Now we see that marriage,

wifehood, and motherhood, are closely related. Every woman in the Church of mature age and worthiness, who is ambitious to attain to exaltation and glory hereafter should get married, should be sealed to a man for time and all eternity.

Now we conceive that woman came from the hand of God who made it her mission and duty in coming on earth to become a mother.

We cannot conceive that the holy mother bemoaned any limitations of her sex, but she has been an object of adoration all the centuries because she glorified womanhood by being richer in love, pity, unselfish devotion and intuition than man. It is much more whole and holy to be a mother than to be artist, orator, professor, or expert. But we fear that modern woman, at least, in more ways than one, is in danger of declining from her sphere or the plan God made her duty, by following other professions than motherhood. Thus she is coming to lack confidence and pride in her sex as such, and is just now in danger of lapsing into mannish ways, methods, ideals, until her original divinity may be obscured.

There certainly are not duties more sacred; none more honorable, none more sweetly resting under the constant benediction of heaven than those of the mother. There is no other being who can do so much for a child as she, there is no one else who can do so much for a motherless child as a Christian woman.

Man cannot take her place, and she can never leave it or neglect its duties without dishonor to herself and disaster to society.

To be charged with the Christian nurture and training of the rising generation is to hold the highest and most momentous trust that has ever been placed in human hands.

The safety of society—nay the salvation of the world is involved in it, not emperor nor president can honor himself more than by honoring the woman who does her duty to the young and neither has the power to confer an office of greater dignity than that with which God crowns every Christian mother.

The woman who trains her family and rules her household well, fills and honors the highest office the world has for her; and whenever a wife or mother steps out of such a place she steps down even though her steps lead her to a throne, for all the steps that woman takes, without a recognition of the fact that her highest office is that of presiding over a family, all the steps that she takes with the idea that there is something better and higher than home and its trusts and duties, are downward steps, thronged with mischief to her and disaster to the future of society.

While, if they fill their Christian duty, crowns, thrones exaltation and dominions are in reserve for them in the eternal worlds, and the way is opened for them to return back into the presence of the heavenly Father, if they will only abide by, and walk in a celestial law, fulfil the designs of their creation, and hold out to the end, that when mortality is laid in the tomb they will go down to their grave in peace, arise in glory, and receive their everlasting reward in the resurrection of the just along with their head and husband.

Sugar, Idaho.

You Are A Believer

By Joseph S. Peery

President Levi Edgar Young had addressed the missionaries, on Temple Block, on conscience being a strong evidence of our divine origin.

The next day a guide applied the instruction given. He was talking on faith in God, quoting President Abraham Lincoln as saying, "If God is with me, I cannot fail."

An aged gentleman said, "I don't believe anything of what you are saying."

The guide answered, "Why, brother, you are a believer."

The aged tourist retaliated, "No, I am a skeptic."

Not to be daunted, the guide continued: "I can see in your face that you are a believer. You are an honorable man of earth. You keep your word, stand well in the community where you live, and you know the difference between right and wrong, don't you?"

The gentleman assented, and the guide followed by asking, "What is that thing within you that checks you when you go wrong and encourages you in doing right?"

The stranger answered, "I don't know."

The guide remarked, "Neither did Kant, the philosopher, know, who wrote that two things baffled his comprehension: First, the starry heavens: secondly, the power of man to designate right from wrong. Brother, the reason is on account of your faith in God. He wants you, and is working to save you with his Holy Spirit."

The man came up to the guide later on, shook hands with him, and said: "I have met some of your missionaries and like your doctrine better than any other." He went away a friend, in a receptive mood, to learn more of the good word.

L. D. S. University Leadership Week

By Herman J. Wells, Head of English Department, Latter-day Saints University

That the splendid facilities of the Latter-day Saints University can be effectively used by all its patrons was unmistakably demonstrated at its first Leadership Week program, conducted from February 12 to 16, 1923. During these five days the school opened its doors to the leaders in various branches of religious

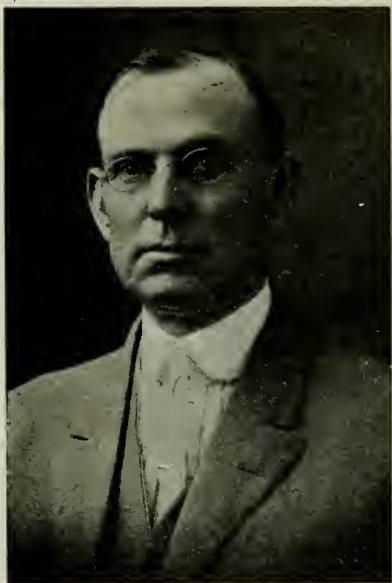


Left to right: Professor A. N. Merrill, of the B. Y. U., who lectured on "The Test of Good Teaching," in the Teacher-Training department (elementary teachers' section) of the L. D. S. Leadership school; Dr. Hugh M. Woodward, of the B. Y. U., who lectured on "Laws Underlying the Teaching Process" (adults' section); Professor Loftor Biarnason, of the U. of U., who lectured on "The Technique of Teaching," (adults section).

service in the nine stakes in and around Salt Lake City, i. e., Ensign, Salt Lake, Pioneer, Liberty, Granite, Cottonwood, Jordan, Tooele, and South Davis. Co-operating with the general, stake and ward authorities, the faculty arranged a series of lectures, demonstrations, exhibits, and discussions to be given by experts, in the various fields of Church activity. Sunday School, Primary, Relief Society, Religion Class, Y. M. M. I. A., Y. L. M. I. A., Bee-Hive, Teacher-Training (elementary, intermediate, and adult), Genealogy, and Music were the particular types of work handled during the week.

That the invitations to this "roundup" were appreciated is evidenced by the fact that fully 3500 people attended the general sessions and the attendance in the departments each evening was from 1,200 to 1,500. Members of general and stake boards were in regular attendance.

The sessions were addressed by religious and educational authorities thoroughly equipped to discuss the subjects they treated. Some of the speakers who contributed to the success of



President Guy C. Wilson, of the L. D. S. University, who inaugurated Leadership week for Salt Lake City and surrounding stakes.

of the week were: President A. W. Ivins, of the First Presidency, Elders George F. Richards, Jos. F. Smith, and Richard R. Lyman, of the council of the Twelve, Elder Levi Edgar Young of the First Council of Seventy, President Clarissa S. Williams of the Relief Society, President Guy C. Wilson, of the L. D. S. U., Dean Milton Bennion, L. H. Weir, Field Secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, Dr. George H. Brimhall, Dr. Hugh Woodward, Mrs. Amy B. Lyman, Prest. Nephi L. Morris, Prest. Hugh J. Cannon, Mr. D. E. Hammond, Prof. F. W. Reynolds, Mrs. Annie Lynch, Prof. L. John Nuttal, Prof. Loftor Bjarnason, Judge Hugo B. Anderson, Dr. E. E. Erickson,

Mrs. Susa Young Gates, Prof. A. N. Merrill, Dr. Fred J. Pack, Dr. George Thomas, Supt. George N. Child, Miss Rose Jones, Dr. E. G. Gowans, Mr. Thos. E. McKay, Miss Mabel Frazer and Bishop Jos. Christensen.

Most interesting and profitable among the features of the week were the numerous demonstrations conducted in the departments. The spiritual development of the Sunday school child, the ward conference, the teacher's preparation hour, the socialized recitation, Bee-Hive work, the Sunday school business meeting, and Senior class organization in Mutual, were all subjects for graphic portrayal.

The program was launched with a general meeting in the Assembly Hall at 7 p. m., Monday, February 12. Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve, and President A. W. Ivins, of the First Presidency, were the speakers, the former discussing "Priesthood, the Vital Power of Leadership," and the latter, "The Relationship of Auxiliary Associations to the Priesthood and the Mission of Auxiliary Associations."

Departmental meetings were held each evening for the



Dr. George Thomas, president of the University of Utah, who lectured on "The Test of Good Teaching" in the Teacher-Training department (adult section) of the L. D. S. Leadership school.

next three evenings. From 7-8 p. m. three teacher-training meetings were conducted, one in the Assembly Hall for teachers of elementary classes, one in Barrett Hall for teachers of intermediate classes, and one in the Bishop's Building for teachers of adults. "Laws underlying the Teaching Process," "Technique of Teaching," and "The Test of Good Teaching," were the subjects discussed. These sessions were followed at 8 p. m. by meetings in various Church and school buildings for the other departments mentioned above. A glance at a few of the problems discussed at these departmental meetings will serve to

show how vitally they entered into the interests of those who attended. "Translation of Religion Class Ideals into Behavior," "Social Values of Recreation," "Management of Ward Dances," "Improving the Ward Picture Show," "Religious Needs of Boys and Girls of the Formative Period," "State Laws Affecting Human Welfare," "Family Organization," "The Conservation of the Spiritual Nature of the Child," "Religion in Life," "Making Leaders in M. I. A.," "History of Temples," and "Temple Records," were some of the many subjects which came up for intelligent analysis and discussion.

Special sessions for choristers and organists were conducted at the L. D. S. School of Music on all of these evenings. A collection of paintings, the work of prominent local artists, was exhibited each day from 2 to 9 p. m. in the Brigham Young Memorial Building.

The week's activity concluded with a general session at 6:30 on Friday evening at which President Nephi L. Morris, of the Salt Lake stake, spoke on "The Responsibility of Leadership." President Guy C. Wilson, of the L. D. S. U., reviewed the week's activities and their purpose. Music for this session was provided by Robert S. Fisher and the Chaminade Ladies Chorus, the latter organization being directed by Prof. A. C. Lund.

The faculty of the L. D. S. U. planned and conducted the activities of the week and are largely responsible for its success. While most of their work was in the background, too much credit could scarcely be given such willing and efficient workers as



Superintendent George N. Child, of the Salt Lake City schools, who lectured on "The Test of Good Teaching," in the Teacher-Training department of the L. D. S. U. Leadership school

Frank K. Seegmiller, P. J. Jensen, I. O. Horsefall, Arthur Welling, James E. Moss, F. Y. Fox, and their associates and co-workers in this important undertaking.



Latter-day Saint High School faculty in executive session, preparatory to the activities of Leadership week. Salt Lake City, Utah.



An aspect of Teacher-Training work—The teachers' preparation hour—demonstration lesson conducted by Eugene Hilton of the Granite stake Sunday school board, L. D. S. Leadership Week:

Left to right George C. Lloyd, Alta M. Thomas, Eugene Hilton, who conducted teachers' preparation hour; Herman Wells, who conducted officers' business meeting during Leadership week; and Asahel H. Woodruff, Jr. Arthur Perschon, who assisted, was not present when photo was taken.

A Poet's Spring Lament

To the Associate Editor of the *Improvement Era*,

Dear Friend:—You know that I am serious minded, you know that I am an admirer of simple truths; and you also realize, do you not? that it is quite in my heart to comply with your request for a poem "On Spring." The subject is *so* new. As there is an annual spring time, and that the gentle season has been written upon by the poets for a thousand years, one ought to be able to grind out a few original thoughts upon that theme. And yet—

I'd like to write some May Idyls,
Some blossom "stuff" in wild-bird trills,
I'd like to roll on daffodils,
Then up and dance the "Spring Quadrills";
I'd listen where the glad lark shrills,
And lamb-like gambol on the hills.
But now to cure the season's ills,
I'm taking dandelion pills;
The up-lift stuff the spirit wills
Don't go, I've got the ague, chills,
I long to roam beside the hills
But rheumatix ambition kills;
I'd wander where the farmer tills,
But have a cold that yells for sqills;
Life's nectar that the poet swills
Sounds in my head like water mills;
My jaws the vernal toothache grills,
And "rent day" comes for domiciles,
O, anguish dire my bosom fills,
I've not yet paid my Christmas bills!

Alfred Lambourne.



Hearts and Hollyhocks

*A Story of Love, Struggle
and Society*

by
Ruth Moench Bell

Chapter IX

Sheriff Heron, remembering other days, made it easy as possible for John and Edna. He greeted them as he would have greeted two friends whom he had not seen for some time. He removed the hand-cuffs at once. On the way home, he gave them many a little period without his presence. His task seemed as unpleasant to him as it was to them.

As they neared their home state, familiar faces met and recognized them. How they dreaded each station that brought them nearer home. It was a comfort now to Edna to know that her mother would not suffer the knowledge of their homecoming. Sheriff Heron had brought word of her death which had occurred soon after Edna had left for New York to be with John.

The memory of the little girl, whose days were made miserable because children twitted her about her father being a jail-bird, came up often before John and Edna. They were glad no near relatives need suffer on account of them.

Sheriff Heron had remembered John's fondness for poetry and even his favorite. He had brought along a copy of each of John's best-beloved poets, Whitman, Service, Browning. John got through many a tedious hour of the journey reading and memorizing poems. Edna could not settle her mind to read.

She could only sit and gaze out of the car window and think and plan.

In their home town the news that they had been found at last, made a sensation. It was considered of enough importance that the *Daily Blade* put out an extra. The day it came out, Judith had been motoring into the country, and returning, had stopped at a tea room for some refreshments before going home. She had not been within reach of the phone when word came for Sheriff Heron to go for his prisoners. She had just overheard a conversation from one of the booths which had given her something to think about. She had heard her husband called a shark and unprincipled money grabber. At least she supposed her husband had been the one meant since the occupants of the booth, coming out, had seen her and colored and otherwise given evidence of uneasiness.

They had been central figures in the town for some time.

she and Phil, on account of his rapidly increasing wealth. The idea that some did not share in the homage the crowd gave them, was a disquieting thought to Judith. Even the newsboy's cry of "Extra! Extra!" failed to rouse her.

"Oh, Judith, did you get one?" Kate Blakeston was at her table, impetuous and uncereemonious as ever. As one sure of her welcome, she dropped into the chair opposite Judith and spread out her Extra, "They've caught them! They've caught them at last, Judith," Mrs. Blakeston gasped, "Just read this." She laid the paper before Judith, her finger indicating the headlines, "John Shirly Apprehended."

Judith read and her hand quivered. She felt a smothering sensation as if she were about to faint.

"Isn't it great?" Kate Blakeston continued. "Won't your husband gloat, though?"

"Gloat?" The word coming after that disturbing conversation jarred on Judith's sensibilities. Was Kate merely excited and careless with her words, as usual, or did she mean exactly that, "gloat"? The thought took her mind, for the moment off the fact that Edna and John were coming home under the care of the Sheriff.

"And Edna is coming with him," Kate Blakeston rattled on. "Think of her nerve. I wouldn't face this town after that, not for forty old husbands like John Shirley. She certainly has stuck to her handsome criminal. Maybe she won't feel so much like sticking when she finds how much this town can snub her. Your husband can get his revenge now. The detectives have done wonderfully in hounding the fellow down."

"Revenge," "hounding," Judith winced. She had never noticed before how wild Kate was in her speech. As a bosom friend of Judith's, Kate had always been a most enthusiastic admirer of Phil. And here she was talking of him as if he were a stage villain. "Perhaps the fault is with myself today," Judith conjectured. "Perhaps I am supersensitive because of the remarks I overheard about Phil."

So Edna was coming home again! Edna her dearest of all friends. She thought of Edna's sensitive nature and her devotion to John. It would be a terrible ordeal for her even if every one were kind. Kate's conversation indicated that they would be anything but kind. Judith excused herself from the loquacious Kate and hastened home.

The trouble of her girlhood friend hurt; but something else came nearer home just then. She crumpled the newspaper in her hand. Somebody had said that her husband had lost something more precious than wealth, had called him a shark. Somebody else blunderingly or meaningly had spoken of him as

gloating, hounding. She could not bear to think of those hateful words in connection with her husband. She was thinking of this when her Phil came in. And unconsciously, quite unconsciously, she searched his face for that missing something he had lost.

Phil glanced at the paper in her hand but made no comment. They seldom discussed anything. An off-hand remark, a superficial comment and then each was off to his own interests.

"Oh, mother, listen to this new record," young Phil, Jr. burst in'o the room "It's one of Dafaure's latest records. It's an old thing but it's a crackerjack when Dufaure sings it."

The full, rich tones of the baritone seemed to have life. They seemed to reach out into the room and Judith felt as if they had caught hold of her heart and held it quivering. This had been the favorite song of their courting days, hers and Phil's. How many times they had sung it together! How many times they had pictured themselves as growing old to it's melody and ideal. She had not heard it for years. "And now we are growing Old, Maggie, and the trials of life nearly done."

Judith felt the tears smarting her eyes. That was to have been their closing chapter. Hand in hand, heart in heart, as only years of tender confidences and sweet intimacies can make to one. She glanced at her husband. Was he, too, stirred by the old memories? Did he, too, realize how far they had strayed from their early ideal. His brows were knitted in irritation.

"I wish you'd turn off that wretched noise, Phil," he jerked out. What you people find in such stuff beats me, anyhow." Judith took up her newspaper and fled to her room. She couldn't cry. She couldn't think. It was true, terribly true. And others had been first to sense the all-too-apparent change.

He had lost—lost irrevocably, she feared, that elusive something not to be weighed against wealth. It was all so new, so overwhelming, she wanted to get away from it for awhile before she faced it with resolution.

She picked up the paper and read the account. It was two years since Edna and John had fled from disgrace and justice. Judith's throat ached with pain of it all as she read of the sickness, privations, hardships, despair of the two. Their splendid pitiful devotion to each other! Edna's heroic sharing of the misery. Her efforts to keep up her husband's spirits! Her hourly fear that he would be taken! The times without number when she had started up from sleep, dreaming that he had been found!

Judith read while every nerve in her body throbbed with the pity of it all. Their beautiful love had made real again

the early years of their marriage. She forgot the episode of the evening! Forgot that she and her beloved had broken apart and "the splinters" were neither "fresh" nor "fine." Impulsively she caught up the paper and hurried down to her husband.

"Phil, dear," she cried, "this can't happen. They have suffered enough. We haven't missed the money! The loss was ours alone. The law will cease to prosecute them if you say, 'enough!'"

Phil stared at her uncomprehendingly.

"Oh, it is enough, dear. Think of poor Edna! Think of John! Think of all they've gone through! Release them, dear, let them go. Heaven only knows why he did it. But he's surely been punished enough. Make them leave him alone, dearest, or it will break my heart."

Phil's reply cut cruelly. "You must be crazy, Jude. My honor is at stake. A man doesn't keep high priced detectives on a criminal's trail for two years to make fools of them and a fool of himself at last. He did it to feed her vanity, if you want to know why he did it. He didn't need it for himself. He did it to help her keep up with this infernal social set you've got here. The only decent thing she could do was to stay with him after she got him into the mess."

"But it is Edna, dear, Edna and John," his wife pleaded. "Your John, my Edna! Why, you and John went fishing together when you were boys! Edna was the first I told of our engagement. Together we brushed and braided our hair at night and told each other of the events of the day ever since we were girls. Then she'd run across the lawn to her house or I'd run over to mine blowing each other our good-night kisses! I can't let you prosecute him, dear, I can't, I can't!"

"I'm afraid you'll have very little to do with it, Jude," Phil replied coldly, resuming his paper. "And don't interfere in my affairs again, unless you can be sensible."

"Sending him to jail can do no good. It can only feed your revenge. They used to send men to jail for their debts and thus make it impossible for them to pay them. Some day the folly of sending others to jail as we do now, will be seen. He has suffered so terribly, Phil. He will never do it again."

"No, I guess he won't," Phil sneered.

"And nobody, reading of his experience would think of following his example."

"That's enough, Jude," Phil dismissed her curtly, as if she had been a despised clerk. "They'll be here soon and the law shall take its course."

Judith, with one long, despairing glance at her husband, turned away. The utter futility of pleading was all too appar-

ent. And yet he had been the tenderest of husbands. His complete detachment from herself and lack of consideration for her feelings or view-point meant more than she dared to admit even to herself.

Perhaps he had not taken time to read of the wanderings of the two. Perhaps if she left the paper near, his curiosity, after all she had said, might draw him on to read the details of their lives for those two years when his detectives were trailing them. She hopefully laid the paper on the table at his elbow and went to her room. There she sat for hours to think, and finally went to bed to toss and think. Sleep was impossible and still she had not thought it out. She did make one resolution before dawn and that helped her to doze off for a few minutes.

(To be continued)

The Spring

O how marvelous is the spring,
Such a live pulsating thing.
Bees and birds are humming, singing,
All of nature's voices ringing,
And the heart within me sings
O how glorious is the spring.

How inspiring is the spring,
Buds are bursting, ev'rything
Pushing upward, struggling forth
From the womb of mother earth.
Who can estimate the power
Of the spring's awakening hour?

Glorious spring, O how surprising,
Like a resurrection morn;
Ev'rything again arising
That in winter died forlorn.
Can I doubt the resurrection
When I see the spring's perfection?

Every bird its voice upraises
Singing forth its Maker's praises.
Not a melancholy note
Issues from a single throat.
Let me, too, stand forth and sing
Praises, in the glorious spring.

Shelley, Idaho

Joseph H. Dean

Jim Wilcox "a Daddy"

By D. C. Retsloff

For the first time since little skinny Jim Wilcox had been a daddy, he was disturbed as he walked home from work.

Julia, his wife, almost filling the doorway, stood watching for him and the eight children rolled their round eyes in astonishment at the sight of their "Daddy's" unusually sober face.

"Get the pork and beans on the table," said Julia, turning to the twins; and you, Jack, bring the wash things out to the bench."

The smaller children and the two year old baby stood by to see their "Daddy" splash, splutter, and blow, a combination resembling a duck and a whale. Tonight, however, they were disappointed; Jim was very much subdued. He hurried through his washing, hurried through his supper, hurried as he milked the goat, and then took Julia by the arm and tried to hurry her down the beach to an old wrecked life-boat half buried in the sand.

"Mommer," he said, "I'm worried."

Julia puffed as she lowered her two hundred pounds of flesh and bone in a hollow that grew deeper as she settled, leaned back against the hull and looked expectant.

"Yes, Mommer, I'm worried."

Julia quit settling, "What has gone wrong? What you got to worry about, Jim? Ain't the cracks big enough in the north side of the house for you to hear the first clang of the fire bell? Ain't you been getting wet enough every Sunday all season helping the life saving crew practice launching the life-boats? Ain't the winter coming on when all the family will need water-proof shoes? Ain't sugar and flour and hog meat as high as ever?" She paused for breath and great heaves seemed to swell her already huge form to the bursting point.

Letting his gaze wander across the sand dunes to the white breakers on the incoming tide, Jim repeated: "Yes, Mommer, I'm worried; not about any of the things you mention, but at something the boss told me to do today."

Julia let a handful of sand sift through her pudgy fingers, puffed out her full cheeks and asked: "What did pig-eye tell you to do?"

"Don't call him 'pig-eye', Julia, sometime you'll forget and say it before the children."

"That's what he is, just the same," Julia half wheezed. "We are by ourselves, and if a woman feels free to speak her mind it is when she's in the presence of her mate. Now, what'd Cy Skinner tell you to do?"

"He told me to take coal from the Hawkes' house and from the Wells' cottage and put it in his coal house. Then to load up the pile of fire-place logs Mrs. Blair left at 'Spindrift' and put them along with the coal."

Julie shrugged, studied the after-glow of the sunset for a moment, and then boldly declared, "Cy Skinner's a thief."

"I can't think that, Julia. See how the company trusts him. John Burke trusts him, and Burke is the big man of the concern. Mrs. Blair trusted him; he did lots of work for her this past summer."

"John Burke only comes down once a month." Julia still studied the rose and gold of the western sky. "Cy Skinner could steal him dumb and blind. He ain't got any right to that wood and coal. I ain't a single doubt, Cy Skinner's a thief." She rolled over in the sand and slowly pulled herself up beside the scarred hull. "You mark my words, he's a thief."

Jim Wilcox had more than the usual amount of respect for his colossus of a wife, but he shook his head and muttered, "I can't believe that, Mommer."

* * *

The next week he began hauling cement and sand for a new bridge over "Tide-grass Slough." As he was climbing up on a wagon with a load of cement Cy Skinner signalled him to wait. Lowering his usually loud voice, the boss said: "Drive around past my place, Jim, and drop off a bag of cement from every load you haul today."

There was a sickish feeling in the pit of Jim's stomach and his voice was weak as he asked: "Who's going to pay for them, Mr. Skinner?"

"You should worry," Cy's face reddened.

"Yes, I should, Mr. Skinner, I should worry. I'm working for the company, and I know where this cement should go. Why must I drop a sack from every load? I want to know who will pay for the sacks that I leave at your barn."

"You throw them off according to my orders, that's all it's necessary for you to know. I'm boss of these works, and it's none of your durned business who pays for them." Cy's "pig-eyes" blazed.

Jim dropped from the hub on which he was standing. Dropped so close to the boss that his toes scraped against the tall

man's round stomach. "It is my business, Cy Skinner. John Burke trusts me. I've got five boys growing up. How'd they feel if they knew I was stealing?"

"Oh, ho! Preaching is another of your many accomplishments, is it?" sneered Cy, spitting tobacco juice from his loose mouth. "You needn't work on this end of the job."

"And you needn't waste your breath in telling me, Cy Skinner. I'll not work on any end of it, so long as you are boss. I'll report you to Mr. Burke."

"What'd you say?" Cy whirled on his heel, "You durned little shrimp! I'd slap your face if you were not so insignificant. Don't you know better than to throw up a job when times are hard? You poor, shriveled idiot, with winter coming on and a family to keep. Report, and be durned. If I hear that you've opened your mouth, I'll find a way to shut it up for keeps. Understand?"

"Stop!" Jim stretched to his full height. "Stop! or I'll use this horse-whip on you. You can't scare me, even if you are boss here." He spat a frothy mass toward Cy Skinner, flung the whip down and walked away from the wagon.

* * *

Julia's huge shape shook with laughter when Jim told her how he had scraped Cy's stomach, but by the time he had reached the final scene there were tears in her eyes.

"Served him right, Jim. It takes a mighty good man to do what you've just done. I'm glad you called him a thief—that's just what he is!"

"I didn't call him a thief, Julia. I said I couldn't steal. I don't know but what I was foolish to quit work. Winter's coming and we got to eat."

Julia patted his shoulder, "Never mind about the job, Jim, there's always a way for the living. We'll manage somehow."

That night Jim could not sleep. He turned and twisted in his narrow bed space, and when the clock struck twelve he got up.

A full moon flooded the dunes below the house and turned the water of the ocean into an endless stretch of quivering silver. Jim sat on the end of the wash bench. All at once he heard the sound of a wagon crossing the culvert leading from "Spindrift." Without stopping he grabbed a sheet from the wash hanging on the line and ran down the bluff. As the wagon rounded a bend, the horses stopped suddenly and snorted. In the middle of the road stood a single ghost-like figure.

A few years before there had been found under the culvert bridge the body of a murdered man. There was many a tale told by superstitious persons of how on nights when the moon

was full, the spirit of the dead man haunted the scene of the crime.

Jim thought of that as he stood motionless in his white drape. He heard an exclamation, an oath, and then the sound of rapid foot-steps. He cautiously peered through the end of the sheet and saw a tall man scrambling up the opposite side of the bluff. Placing his fingers in his mouth, the ghost blew a shrill whistle, letting it die away in a sort of long-drawn wail. He chuckled as he heard the foot-falls grow fainter and finally lose themselves in the noise of the waves.

When he was sure he was alone, he dropped his white covering and started for the wagon. As he was about to climb up on the load, he saw something black beside the wheel. He picked it up, turned the horses and drove back to the Blair cottage.

On the pergola-covered drive he unhitched the team and headed them toward the barns of the construction company. They were the animals he had driven on the cement wagon.

The next morning he went down where Cy Skinner was superintending the loading of the wagons and said, as he held up a black hat: "Here is the hat you lost last night down at 'Spindrift' culvert. I unloaded the furniture and put it back in the cottage." Without waiting for a reply he turned and hurried to the post office. He asked for and received the eastern address of Mrs. Blair and proceeded to the telegraph office where he sent this message:

"Cy Skinner stealing furniture and wood from 'Spindrift.'

"Jim Wilcox."

Then he went home and told Julia what he'd done and added: "Mommer, I'm convinced against my will that you are right about Cy Skinner, I think he was the man on the load last night."

"Course, he was, Jim. He's a thief. I told you so. Though of course Mrs. Blair wouldn't miss the price of the furniture."

"That's not here nor there, Mommer. She has confidence in us as a village. She thinks we're an honest people. John Burke takes a squint around 'Spindrift' every time he comes down and I suppose that's all the care-taker she thinks she needs. A man who won't try to protect a lone widow ain't much of a man."

A few days later Jim was served with a notice that the house in which he lived had been sold to Cy Skinner and he must vacate immediately.

"Where will we go?" Julia for once could not muster up a smile. "The rainy season is coming and we've nothing saved up for moving expenses."

"Never mind, Mommer," Jim stood on tip-toe and put

his arm around her neck. "Never mind, just the other day you told me there 'was always a way for the living.' We'll find something."

He scurried through the village hunting shelter for his family. The few vacant houses had all been rented by Cy Skinner. He spent several anxious hours and another sleepless night, and when the morning came he announced to the family that they would go into winter quarters, in tents among the dunes.

Julia shook her head dismally and kept on shaking it in spite of the enthusiasm which took hold of her children when their "Daddy" extolled a "Winter camp on the sea shore."

It was barely dawn, the sky was gray and a mist falling when Jim began to move their belongings down the bluff to a sheltered spot behind a long range of dunes where one large and two small kahki-colored tents stood waiting the "Winter Colony."

Each child followed him, carrying some cherished article—a kelp basket, a broken phonograph horn, a lank geranium struggling for existence in a tomato can, a much marred air-gun, a bantam hen.

The mist turned to a drizzle. The drift-wood fire sputtered, the wind from the west blew the smoke into the large tent where the family huddled over the remnants of a bologna and cracker lunch. Jim was wet to the skin, and Julia was trying to persuade him to draw on a pair of her out-size woollen stockings under his rubber boots, when the kind face of John Burke appeared among the smoke clouds.

"I'm mighty 'fraid I'll spoil your chances on this duck farm," he said with a laugh as he handed Jim a yellow paper.

The whole family crowded close to the little "Daddy" and pricked their ears so as not to miss a syllable while he read aloud:

"If Jim Wilcox is reliable have him move into 'Spindrift' cottage and take care of the place.

"Ruth Blair."

His rain-chilled fingers trembled, for an instant he looked at John Burke, then his eyes swept over his bedraggled brood. He covered his face with his hands to hide the tears that he could not check.

The children did not understand the situation. When they saw their usually cheerful "Daddy" weeping, the whole vicinity of the dunes resounded with their shrill wails.

"Hush!" commanded Julia. "Hush, every one of you. Don't you understand that we're going to live at 'Spindrift?' Your Daddy is to be the care-taker, so Cy Skinner won't have a chance to lug the whole place off. Gather up your pretties and come on. Let's get in out of the rain."

Jim Wilcox looked after his wife and children and sighed, "I can't move in there Mr. Burke."

"Why?"

Because things in that cottage are too fine for us. Why, when I unloaded the furniture the other night there were pieces I'd never seen before, and I haven't the hint of an idea what they're used for. Honest, Mr. Burke, as much as I need roof to shelter my family, I can't take advantage of a widow. If my children should get an appetite for fine things like those at 'Spindrift' and then by and by have to leave them think what a blow it'd be. The meanest trick a Daddy can play on his children is to give them something when they're little that he'll blame them for wanting when they're big."

John Burke rubbed his eyes, stooped and picked up the bantam hen, "Come on, Jim, come on. For the present you'll stay there and watch the place. You can write to Mrs. Blair and explain about your family."

"Spindrift" cottage stood near the western boundary of two acres of sand and soil. The soil was on a gently sloping bluff at the eastern extremity of the little estate. A cypress hedge marked the north and south lines of the property and along the crest of the bluff grew a row of eucalyptus with grape vines and fig trees below them. The soil had been terraced and on the lower ones squash and pumpkin vines indicated that it was a likely garden spot.

The cottage itself was low and roomy and furnished in a manner to make the Wilcox progeny gape with wonder.

Julia spent most of her time for several days in walking from room to room stopping frequently and laughing at meeting herself in the full length mirrors on the many doors.

Jim could think of nothing but the letter he was to write to the mistress of "Spindrift."

"What shall I say?" he asked Julia for at least the twentieth time. "What shall I say? She don't know how many we are, and when I tell her she'll not want us here."

"Don't tell her, then," said Julia. "She'll not be out till April or May, and we'll at least have a roof over our heads until then."

Jim glanced at her pitifully. "I've got to write and tell her the truth. There's no other way."

"I 'spose you're right," Julia admitted slowly. "Look at this little knob. Watch me pull a writing desk with pens, ink and paper right from the wall. Stay here and write to her, get it out of your system."

So seated at the wall desk, with soft sunset colors flooding

the brown-beamed room, Jim Wilcox wrinkled his brows and wrote:

"I guess you never thought about me being a daddy when you sent Mr. Burke that telegram to have me move into your nice cottage. I sent you word about Cy Skinner, because I think every lone woman should be protected by honest men, and I knew he was stealing your things. I'd like to stay here and be your care-taker, but I have eight children and you may think we are too many. The olives and grapes will need pruning in the spring. If I stay I'll try to get a horse and gather cobble stones from the beach and build you a thief-proof wood house. If you don't want so many children living among your fine things, let me know and we will move out as soon as we get word from you.

"Respectfully,
"Jim Wilcox."

Some two months later a letter bearing the Paris, France, post-mark was handed to Jim through the general delivery window of the village office. The odor of violets came from the heavy blue-white envelope when he opened it. He wrinkled his nose as he drew in the perfume, and without stopping hurried back through the November rain to "Spindrift" and his family.

They gathered around the open fire where the drift wood logs sent blue and yellow flames crackling up the wide-mouthed chimney. Holding the letter carefully with the tips of his fingers Jim read aloud:

"I am in France, and may be away from the United States two years. It was a sudden decision. I'm glad you are going to be the care-taker at my cottage. I enclose a check for five hundred dollars. Buy a horse for your work on the terraces and among the cobble stones. Let the children enjoy everything on the place. I know from your telegram and letter that your children will be brought up to respect the rights of others.

"Yours Sincerely,
"Ruth Blair."

A smile spread over Jim's homely little face. Again he wrinkled his nose. The winter rain beat against the windows but he smelled only the sweet odor of violets.

San Diego, California.

The Truth

The lip of truth shall be established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment. Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil: but to the counselors of peace is joy. There shall no evil happen to the just: but the wicked shall be filled with mischief. Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight.—*Proverbs 12:19-23.*

Helps in Teacher-Training

Written for the General Church Board of Education, by L. John Nuttall,
Brigham Young University

ATTENTION

(To accompany Lesson 8.—*How We Learn*, Teacher-Training Text, 1923)



L. John Nuttall

present in conscious life. We all have memories of past experiences, imaginative plans of something, good intentions, and other things which we call knowledge. Besides this we are at any one time receiving in various degrees sensations from all parts of the body. With all this mass of possible activities making up mental life one certain part is always more active than the rest and others are less active or relatively inactive. Of the part which is most active we are most conscious; therefore we say we are paying attention to it. In other words to be attentive means to busy the mind most actively with the things at hand. This is what the children were doing; they were attending to various things. The teacher's problem in calling for attention is to have the children become mentally active with the lesson to be studied. It is needless to say that learning takes place at this point of activity, so that one must be attentive to learn.

The reasons for this importance are stated by Pillsbury to be: First,

The children were chattering, talking, laughing in little groups. Two boys talked of a marble game. One boy told his sympathetic salcs-mates of a burn on his hand. A group of little girls were carefully examining a new hat belonging to one of them. Here and there a child sat swinging his legs and looking idly around. Suddenly a voice said, "Give me your attention, boys and girls." What did it mean? What were they to give? Who was to receive it? Because of some such habitual way of saying things as this we have come many of us to have a wrong idea of attention.

Attention is not a separate part of mind. It is a word used to describe a condition that is always

"Certain it is that the object or event attended to becomes in every way more important for consciousness; it stands out above the others at the moment, is also more likely to be remembered and to start new trains of thought." Second, "Attention also produces an increased clearness of outline." Third, attention is selective. "In part, selection results in an increase in the clearness of the content—an element obscure at one moment becomes clear at the next; in part, the process selected rises from complete obscurity to a dominating place in consciousness, a possible content is made actual at one stroke. We are concerned with it primarily in its latter form when a stimulus that has been present but ineffective, suddenly rises to a prominent place."

With Pillsbury, we too, are interested primarily in being sure that our lessons, as stimuli, shall rise to a prominent place in the minds of the children. When this is done the children are attending. How can it be accomplished?

Sense stimuli will attract attention according to their intensity, size, duration, and contrast with surrounding conditions. Loud sounds, bright lights, strong odors, are all attended to involuntarily. In the dark a light of medium brightness seems intense. In the quiet of the church, the preacher's voice is striking. Fully as important as these facts is the effect of *change*. The stopping of a clock is noticed. In the excited crowd calm self-control gets a hearing. Children note the changes in their surroundings. Moving things also attract. All of the above factors are conditions of the stimulus or outside object.

Our own conditions also determine what we will attend to. We are quite likely to notice things recently experienced. After having learned a little quotation as a memory gem how quickly we attend to it when we read the entire poem. How often in church pupils enjoy finding in their lesson the memory gem recently learned. The expert teacher will see to it that the new lesson thus contains some of the good things of recently learned exercises.

Our intention or purpose will determine what we will attend to. We listen to a political speech and remember the parts that agree with the way we intend to vote. Often it takes real effort to listen to the rest. If we dislike a person and desire to harm him we see his faults. If we are listening to a lecture because we want the information given, we do not attend to the peculiarities of speech. The magician tells us to watch the object he puts on the table and we ignore the movements by which he performs the trick. A student who comes to class to learn a specific thing gets it by attending while other students will miss the point entirely. To insure attention, therefore, it helps to develop in the learners the purpose of getting the thing to be taught. "One usually sees or hears what one desires to see or hear or what harmonizes with the intention."

Sometimes these desires or intentions originate within the learner. He may have inherited some ability or tendency which in expressing itself

develops desire for certain things. In the instincts children are generally alike. If a man, dressed in the costume of the Fiji Islander comes in all attend to him. If a teacher brings something strange, all become speculative about it and it becomes the point of attention. If a fight begins, we are all attracted. We all note the arrival of a stranger. These things attract attention by stimulating an instinct. Some of us have attraction for music, some for art, some for mechanics, some for human peculiarities, some for natural objects. Under such conditions we attend involuntarily or by what we call native involuntary attention.

But perhaps we have been questioned by others about something. We are ashamed of our lack of knowledge and determine to appear better next time. Whenever any information along this particular line is presented, we attend because of this acquired interest. Our intention to learn causes us to enjoy busying our mind with the facts, problems, and theories of this subject. This means we are attending to it.

From the above we can more easily understand the forms of attention. When the stimulus is attractive because it appeals to an instinct or a very clearly felt desire we attend without effort and this is involuntary attention. When there is no such controlling association but we force ourselves to become mentally active in some line we feel the exertion of effort and call it voluntary attention. This form of attention can last only a very short time, for just an instant at any one time to the same stimulus. We can attend to a large object as long as new facts or new relationships act as new stimuli. But learning is slow and not effective when the attention is forced. The subject matter must create interest so that the attention can change over to the secondary passive or non-voluntary form. It is for this reason that we ended our former lesson by saying that the expression of interest was attention.

Turning again for suggestions to Dr. Pillsbury, we are told that attention expresses itself in various ways. The sense organs adjust in the most advantageous way. Pupils turn in their seat, focus the eye, bend forward when they listen attentively or watch a performance of some kind. The voluntary muscles tend to mimic the thing to which we are attending. We jump with the athlete, we get tired in the throat listening to singing, we lean and sway slightly with the orator, we are startled to note our posture at the theatre. Not only these special acts but all of the muscles tend to contract when we are attending. In attention there are random rustling movements, wandering eyes, varied positions of sitting, or consciousness of discomfort. These facts help to diagnose the situation before us when we teach.

As teachers we need to know that practically a person can attend to only one thing at a time. A small group of four or five closely related objects or words can be noted at once but even then, he really attends to one at a time and studies them from memory. Permit pupils to think or read or see or hear in such a way that you do not crowd one fact as a

distraction for the last one. Not only this but the attention focuses on any one point for only a second or so. Teaching must move from part to part so that new phases are seen and then provide review and mastery: Especially, do we need to think of these two points in dealing with children. We ask a child to see the color and form of an object. He will attend to either color or form. The knowledge of the other may be lost unless specifically called for. We ask a child to listen and learn how a little boy was rewarded for a good deed. Often he will not know what the deed was. We make the child think of partaking of the sacrament with his right hand and in remembrance of the Savior. He is conscious either of the form or the meaning. Perhaps he uses the form correctly one Sunday, but not the next. It becomes necessary for effective teaching to keep in mind this idea of one thing at a time. An adult hears a story and it calls up associations until he can attend a long time. A child does not have the experience to produce these associations so he listens only a short time. To hold his attention the teacher must supply with rich concrete detail the various phases to hold a constantly shifting attention.

Attention is necessary for learning. Attention means having the mind most active on the desired material. It is secured best when these conditions are understood, for threats, punishment or artificial devices become the center of attention and the lesson is more or less in the margin. A knowing, sympathetic teacher realizes that the truly attentive class of children is the happy class.

We are Two

In ev'ry man there are always two: one is *It* and one is *I*.
 There is war between them day by day, and will be until they die.
 When *It* and *I* cannot agree, and the shadows fall into night,
 Or when the *It* shall assault the *I*, the battle is on; they fight.
 It represents the fellow that fails and gives his brain to ride—
I, more sure of a brave himself, relies on the Will to guide.
 It, lets the emotions lead him down where passions hold full
 sway,

But *I*, contained, alert and cool—is a Knight of the King's
 highway.

In the mirror of Life, *It* and *I* are forever face to face,
 If *It* may sin, and *I* shall win, then neither has lost the race.
 Appetite is the god of *It*, but Control is the God of *I*,
 But if flesh and wine call *It* to dine, then *I* asks the reason why.
 If *It* shall repent, then *I* shall relent, and side by side they vie—
 And, true to the end—the two shall blend, and *It* shall be one
 with *I*.

Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Douglas Hix.

"They Grind Exceeding Small"

By Helen Kimball Orgill

She was a vision of blonde beauty: fair beyond compare. Thus thought Fred Branton as he watched Gretta Sommers, a visitor in town, gliding over the Elton opera house floor.

In fact, Fred had never been so deeply impressed with feminine attractions since his beloved Ethel had died two years before, leaving a brood of five sturdy, but noisy children.

But this Miss Sommers, he must know her.

It wasn't an impossible feat, for Fred was a handsome man at 36, of the rosy-hued, medium complexioned type.

He danced with her twice during the evening, and succeeded in gaining permission to call upon her the following evening. The attraction seemingly was mutual and it was not long before they were "keeping company."

As the days went by Fred felt sure that this was the one being in the world who could make him happy, and he was also certain that it would be wisest to propose before she left. If he had any chance whatever it would be now before she was snatched up by some rival.

Of course, thoughts of the children loomed up like a ghost to haunt him. To be sure the subject had never been broached between them but somehow he could not associate this exquisite creature with those romping but loving offspring of his.

However, just before the date set for the leave taking, Fred asked Gretta to share her life's lot with him.

She was very matter of fact in answering.

"Of course, Fred, you understand, I could never consent to take your children if I married you."

"Why, Gretta," he faltered, "don't you care for children?"

"Well I might have affection for my own, but to try and rear another woman's—"

She waved a depreciating hand as if that explained clearly.

"But Gretta, I was reared by a stepmother whom we children all loved as our own, and I'm certain of her feelings for us."

"Of course, there are many such cases in the far distant past, but times have changed. For my part I don't see why it should be expected of a girl."

It was a glorious evening in June. The perfume of the

blossoming gardens, with Gretta by his side filled Fred Branton with a form of intoxication.

After a space of silence, he ejaculated, "You're hard-hearted, Gretta."

"No, I'm not. I'm merely being straight-forward with you. How many cases do you and I both know of where the wife has literally driven the step children from home after she had taken the pledge to mother them."

And he had to confess that in this one particular she was right.

"Well, let me consider a few days. Of course, I love my children and I love you, Gretta. It will be a hard decision which ever way the scale runs."

It was a serious father who some time later viewed his offspring as they lay in their beds.

With a twinge of pain he gazed at curly-headed, blue-eyed, dimpled, baby Dorothy, the chubby darling of the home. She had been left an infant at her mother's death.

Curled up beside her was Kathleen, brown-eyed, auburn-haired, four years old. She had always had an affectionate way of curling up to her little sister.

But the pain of this inspection did not compare with the next one.

Donald, the apple of his eye, his six year old son, lay in the next bed in the nursery. He dared not linger here but passed out hurriedly into the hallway.

Fearing to waken the two older daughters, Marion and Tressie, by entering their room, he passed up to his own chamber.

His widowed sister was the housekeeper, having no children or ties of her own.

During the days that followed this man was torn and tossed between man's primal love for his own, and the infatuation for a worldly, pleasure-seeking girl.

Could he have spent these days getting more acquainted with his children things might have been different. But he would come home from the office, tired with the day's cares, and after a rest usually prepared for the evening's pleasure and was gone.

Conscience was growing weary of repeating its promptings to ears which did not heed, so practically left him for a spell.

Circumstances also helped on the affair for one day he received a letter from his sister Grace, part of which ran:

"You know, Fred, I've always wanted Dorothy; in fact, I'd like Kathleen, too. Mary complains of her health in her letters, and it would ease her, I know, not to have so many, although she never mentioned it to me."

When sister Mary was interviewed she answered: "O Fred, I couldn't part with Dorothy. I've had her since she was born. Surely you know what that means to me."

Grace, upon receiving a wire from her brother, arrived in a few days. She was happy to carry Donald and Kathleen away with her.

Gretta in the meantime had gone home to the metropolis to prepare for a hasty wedding. It was all being done in such a headlong manner, worthy more of a couple in their early teens, than lovers of 26 and 36.

Fred burned all his bridges behind him.

Another sister who lived in his home town came one evening for a straight talk.

"Fred Branton, do tell me, isn't there one spark of manhood left in you? Do you realize what you are doing?"

"I'm perfectly calm about it," he answered.

"I thought I knew you, but I don't."

"Grace, you know I have done nothing during the past two years to arouse unfavorable comment. In other words, I have been true to Ethel's memory. Now because I wish to wed the loveliest—"

"Stop, Fred, the acquaintance has been far too brief, why could you not have let things slide along for awhile until you could have known her in her own home?"

"It's too late for that kind of argument, and the strength of our love bids no waiting."

"You talk like a child, Fred. O, I had better hopes of my only brother. God pity you for such folly."

The next day he carried home a letter from Grandma Bendon. The words which interested him most were:

"I understand you are letting the children go contrary to previous plans. Now Fred, I respected your will for they were yours. But Ethel was heart of our heart and flesh of our flesh. Oh, how we loved Ethel! Now don't forget that next to her comes her offspring in our affection. Grandpa and I would be filled with joy to have the ones you have not already parted with."

"That settles it," he ejaculated, "Marion and Tressie they shall have."

He did not linger long over these lines for in the same mail had come a letter from Gretta's parents inviting him for a brief "get acquainted" visit.

Gretta's parents were well-to-do, and she had practically had her own way since birth. So it was not surprising that, though they had opposed her rushing into matrimony in this manner, she had recapitulated her intentions. They finally gave way retiring in a somewhat penitent mood for even oppos-

ing her wishes. But Gretta quickly assumed a very forgiving attitude. She knew that many favors were to be asked of them in the next few weeks.

Tressie and Marion went to their grandparents. They had always delighted in making trips to their quaint home in a neighboring town. Another thing which made the going easier, their own had been rendered very lonely since Kathleen and Donald had left. In fact, it had never been the same since Gretta Sommers had appeared upon the scene.

The partings and necessary explanations were gotten over with as much dispatch as possible and the bridegroom to be soon found himself being ushered into the overly-furnished drawing room of his fiance's city home.

Unconsciously he gazed round the room. The whole effect rather jarred on his finer senses, for evidently each article had been chosen with an eye for show rather than good taste.

Behind her paint and powder the mother greeted him effusively, the father saying little. It had become a life-time habit with him.

So the visit went on, Fred as deeply in love as ever, though not quite so confident concerning his future bliss.

A few weeks later, with all the display possible, the wedding was carried to an end, and the bridal couple were on their honeymoon.

The bridegroom's suspicions were not to be allayed. They had words soon after leaving home. Gretta was extravagant to a marked degree, while Fred had an eye for retrenchment. He had had his home completely renovated and this with other expenses had sadly depreciated his pocket book. Oh, it meant something to marry a girl who had been cradled in the lap of luxury.

But everything was seemingly peaceful upon reaching their future home.

As they walked up the path Fred thought with a glowing heart, how Ethel would have appreciated the changes he had made. It was in reality all of her dreams come true, but she was not here to enjoy it.

Gretta merely glanced around, Fred imagined he heard a slight sniff but not being certain, straight-way dismissed it from his mind.

He was dismayed before long to discover that his young wife had made plans of launching out on an extensive social life in Elton.

He had hoped to settle down quietly, at least reasonably so; he knew, of course, that she required more of the frivolous

things of life than did he, and he meant to pamper her to a degree.

But she was self-willed and petulant as a child.

Upon entering the house at eve, he would seek an easy chair only to have words similar these flung at him:

"Fred, you'd try the soul of an angel. Surely you realize there is just one half hour before we are due at the Country Club."

There was always something to mar his peace.

Gretta was trying with all her might to show the Elton people what "real style" was. She had ordained herself the new "social leader." But with a few exceptions they did not fall in line. They were satisfied with life as it had been heretofore.

Upon seeing her cherished plans fall through, there came a period of fretful discontent in her life.

Over and over she would declare, "I'm sick of this dead town." And nothing which her husband could do would erase the puckered lines around her pretty mouth.

"Why can't we live in the city? Honest, Fred, I'll just die here."

"Surely your love for me, wouldn't let you do that, dear."

"But I wasn't reared to it, and I'm hard to be transplanted."

So it proved, and after many urgings he decided to sever his connections with the firm which, recognizing his ability, had given him numerous promotions.

"I might do better in a larger place," he thought, trying to pacify himself, all the time knowing the bright future that would be his could he but stay with his present employers.

But there was no peace for him, once Gretta saw his decision waver; so it was but a short time before they found themselves seeking a flat in the wife's home city.

Fred insisted that it be very moderately-priced, uncertain as their fortunes were at present.

But this did not deter her from entering the social whirl.

If life in Elton had been bad, this was many times worse.

The parents might have helped a little, but they insisted upon looking upon her doings as nothing unusual, and often financed her parties themselves.

No physical nature could stand such a life very long, and Fred was making no headway in his profession. When a man goes to work with a weary tread, he can not go far in attaining to his ambitions.

Affairs went from bad to worse until finally their little

bark of matrimony was stranded on the rocks. It was the old story of an untrue wife.

With all her faults, Gretta, until now, had remained true to her marriage. But one can't always play with fire and not get burned.

The wheels of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small.

Fred Branton was a man of inherent stamina of character with a superb physique. And like a tiger fighting for its young he had struggled for his happiness. Yet every effort had come to naught, until at fifty he was practically an old man.

But even then the resilience of his nature would not let him give way to despair. Picking up the threads of his life again he faced a new future.

Seeking forgetfulness he went to the halls of pleasure, but they so reeked with memories of Gretta, that he would turn homeward trying to find solace in reading, only to sit listless for hours. Some unseen power was pulling him downward.

At last, unable to bear up longer, his system gave way: a nervous collapse was the result.

For weary months he lay in the sanitarium. Not once during this time would he entertain a thought, of sending for a friend or relative. They must never see him like this.

With the return of spring he was convalescing, upon the spacious verandas with many others. He listened to the chirp of the robin and breathed deeply the perfume-laden air. Ah, who can resist the message of hope which spring bears to us?

So, during the sunshiny days he concocted a plan to visit Elton. He felt certain that Mary would be kind. She was always so free from harsh criticism, and he would see his baby girl after all these long years.

It was a strange home coming, this one of Fred Branton's!

Again the flowers were sending forth their sweet perfumes as he walked up the familiar streets. With mixed emotions he found himself pressing the doorbell of Mary's familiar cottage.

The door opened at once upon a young maiden fair and radiant who breathed forth the very essence of springtime. She was blushing and not until then did he notice she held a scrubbing brush and her arms and hands were covered with dirty water, though her sack apron was almost spotless.

"I thought it was Aunt Mary or I'd have washed this off. I was expecting her."

"Don't you know me?" he asked awkwardly.

"O yes it's—no it isn't."

A light of recognition faded on her countenance as she glanced at a framed picture on the wall.

"I'm sure I don't know you, but no doubt Aunt Mary does, so come in."

The latter appeared upon the scene just then.

Looking the stranger squarely in the face she cried, "Brother, my brother Fred!" and embraced him.

It took some time to sink through Dorothy's consciousness that this was her father. "Well, I must kiss you, too, then!" she cried impulsively.

Soon they were telling him all the news. The children were doing nicely. Donald was preparing for a civil engineering career; Tressie and Marion were both happily married.

"And Tressie has the cutest baby boy," cried Dorothy.

How Fred's heart hungered for a sight of his only grandchild!

So the days passed. The townspeople treated him kindly, feeling that he had suffered for his folly.

One afternoon the father sat watching his daughter go about her household duties. Mary had gone to the store. He tried to keep the soul-hungry look out of his eyes.

Finally he spoke.

"Dorothy, wouldn't you like to come home with me for a visit, you don't know what it would mean to me, and I'd see that you had a royal good time in the city."

"I'd like to, father, but really I can't leave auntie. You know what she has been to me, and she's so frail. Perhaps when she gets stronger we'll both come for a trip."

"You're right to stay by her that way," he answered dejectedly. Arising, he passed quietly up to his room. Standing just within the door he spoke: "If retribution be mine, O Lord, help me to bear it like a man and cease trying to catch the joys which I have forfeited."

With these words untold peace filled his turbulent soul, and he fairly plunged into the nearest chair. Clutching his face with his hands the tears flowed freely between them. He wept on and on.

At last, feeling spent, he arose and passed over to the window to watch the sunset, the intermingling of crimson and gold. He seemed to be gazing into the far distance as he breathed,

"And somewhere—in that great future—Ethel—O, I feel that Ethel—will forgive."

Raymond, Canada.

Tut-Ankh-Amen and Sun-Worship*

By J. M. Sjodahl

The tomb of Pharaoh Tut-Ankh-Amen in the Valley of the Kings, near Luxor, Egypt, was opened officially February 18, 1923, and about a hundred distinguished visitors were admitted to see the wonders it contains. Among these were the Queen of Belgium and Professor James H. Breasted, of Chicago, and other Egyptologists of note.

The grave chamber was found in excellent condition. The treasures so far examined include paintings, showing the king hunting ostriches, giraffes, and elephants, and these paintings are said to be fully equal to modern art; also funeral wreaths almost similar to modern floral offerings; and a couch, five feet long. One end of this piece of furniture was molded as a lion's head and it had legs formed as lion's feet. The workmanship is declared to be exquisite.

One of the most wonderful discoveries is that of a triumphal chariot, decorated in sheet gold, inlaid with precious stones, appearing as if it had been built yesterday; so perfectly had it been preserved in the sealed tomb. There was also a large corslet, such as warriors used to wear formerly, made of elaborate mesh, with gold clasps, "equal to the work of the middle ages."

Among the objects mentioned in the dispatches are two life-size statues of the king, beds, chariots, boxes, walking sticks, alabaster vases, and so on.

It is generally conceded that the discovery is one of the most important in the history of Egyptian archaeology but a full account of the objects in the grave and translations of the inscriptions and other records will not be given to the public for some time yet.

In order to understand the interest centering in this find it may be well to remember that Tut-Ankh-Amen lived and reigned not very long before the time of Moses, while Israel was still in bondage in Egypt.

About the twentieth century, B. C., a Semitic people known as the Hyksos, or shepherds, began to settle in Egypt. They were, probably, Chaldeans who moved westward under the pressure of invaders from the east. Some of them took a northern

*From a paper read by the author at the M. I. A. Meeting, Twelfth-Thirteenth ward, February 27, 1923.

route and settled in Canaan, where they became known as Phoenicians; others founded homes in the northern parts of Egypt. The latter gradually multiplied and gained influence there, and at last one of their chiefs, or sheiks, was recognized as ruler over Egypt.

Flinders Petri, dates the exodus of Terah, the father of Abraham, from Ur about 2270 B. C., as part of that great Semitic westward migration.

About the year 2000, B. C., Abraham visited Egypt. We know, from the Bible and Pearl of Great Price that he found favor at the court and that he had an opportunity of teaching the people many correct principles concerning God and the universe. Undoubtedly, his mission to that country influenced largely the religious concepts of the Egyptians and helped to form their political and social institutions.

About the year 1650 B. C., Jacob and his household entered Egypt, at the invitation of the Pharaoh who had made Joseph, the great son of Jacob, his prime minister. This pharaoh was one of the Hyksos' people, and therefore of the same race as Abraham and Jacob. And that, probably, accounts for their friendly relations. (Gen. 47:10.)

We are all familiar with the financial operations by which, as an emergency measure of protection against famine, the agricultural land of Egypt became the property of the rulers, and the people were made to pay heavy taxes. During the administration of tyrants who arose later the burdens became unbearable. The Egyptian spirit of independence asserted itself and a national reform movement, with its center at the ancient capital, Thebes, took form. Finally, the Hyksos were dethroned and driven out.

Then a new dynasty took the reins; or, as we read in Ex. 1:8: "Now there rose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." This was a "king" or a line of kings, not related to Joseph and his family and under no obligation to the shepherd people. This happened about 1580 B. C. The Israelites were immediately regarded as slaves, the property of the king, and they were set to work on public buildings, such as store houses, fortifications, etc. At the same time, measures were taken to prevent them from becoming numerous and influential in the land, as had happened in the case of the Hyksos. But when the oppression became unbearable, Moses, the deliverer, was raised up, and the exodus took place in the year 1220 B. C.^a *Rameses*

^aThese dates are according to Dr. W. M. Flinders Petri: *Egypt and Israel*.

II is generally regarded as the pharaoh who defied Moses and who saw his army overwhelmed in the Red Sea.

Now it appears that one of the new pharaohs, Amenothēs III, married outside the royal ranks, a girl, possibly of the foreign race, and on that account his son, Amenothēs IV, may have had some trouble with the powerful priests at Thebes.^b Consequently, he decided to move away from the old capital. He established himself at a convenient place now known as Tell-el-Amarna. Here he built a palace and a temple and some factories, and soon had a prosperous city.

Egypt was divided into states, or provinces, called *nomes*, and it seems that each nome could have its own supreme god and a multitude of deities surrounding him. The Egyptians were remarkably tolerant. The priests of each nome claimed that their particular god was the father of all the gods, but they were perfectly willing to let the worshipers of other nomes make the same claim for theirs. They never tried to suppress the worship of other nomes. Each god was, it seems, confined as far as jurisdiction was concerned, to his own nome, as a king is to his kingdom, or a governor to his province. But the Egyptians had also a god, *Neter*, which name seems to be identical in meaning with the Hebrew *El* (*Elohim* in plural). He was also called, as I understand it, *Nuk-Pu-Nuk*, meaning "I am that I am;" the same as Jehovah. He was the self-existing, living, generating force.

At Thebes, Amen, or Amon, was the chief deity. He was represented in various forms: As a man on a throne, holding in one hand the scepter and in the other the cross of life. He is also represented as a man with the head of a frog, or a snake, or as an ape, or as a lion.

At Heliopolis, Ra was worshiped as the chief god. He was the sun god, or perhaps one of the sun-gods, the creator and preserver of the world. He is usually depicted as a man with the head of a sparrow hawk. His symbol was the disc of the sun, encircled by a serpent.

Whenever one nome, or province, obtained supremacy, the gods of that nome also shared in the glory. Thus when the north was the seat of government the god Tem became associated with Ra and the people worshiped Ra-Tem. And, similarly, when the south became predominating, after the overthrow of the Hyksos kings, the priests at Thebes associated their god Amen with the northern god, Ra, and worshiped Amen Ra.

Amenothēs IV, as stated, decided to make a new nome, a new

^bAccording to Gaston Maspero, this happened some time during the 15th century, B. C. Others give the date of Amenothēs IV as 1375-58 B. C.

city, and a new religion. He maintained that God should be worshiped under the symbol of the solar disc alone, the *Aten* or *Atonou*. This, it is claimed, was an ancient deity of Heliopolis, the city in which Joseph's wife lived, and also the birthplace of Moses. He gave to the new nome the name of "The Horizon of the Solar disc," and changed his own name from Amenothès to Khouniatonou, "The Glory of the Solar Disc."

For a short time Tell-el-Amarna flourished, but when Tut-Ankh-Amen, succeeded Amenothès, who was his father-in-law, the new venture was doomed. He moved back to Thebes, and joined the worshipers of Amen. Tell-el-Amarna was abandoned, and soon only ruins marked the place where it flourished for a few years. This Tut-Ankh-Amen is the king whose supposed grave has now been opened. No wonder there is great expectation in scientific circles concerning what the inscriptions and records may reveal.

In 1887 part of the diplomatic correspondence that was carried on between Amenothès IV and kings and foreign representatives of Egypt were found in the ruins of Tell-el-Amarna. The messages were written on clay in cuneiform characters, and a flood of light was thrown on the history of that epoch by those seemingly unimportant tablets which had been left when more important documents were removed.

It is a peculiar fact that the Indians of the Western hemisphere, like the Egyptians, worshiped the sun as the most glorious manifestation of the great Creator of the heavens and the earth, while, at the same time, they revered other objects in nature. The Incas of Peru, for instance, had their temple of the sun at their holy city, Cuzco. But they had no images, no idols, in that edifice. On the western wall, we are told by Prescott, was emblazoned a representation of God as a human countenance, from which emanated rays of light in every direction, as the sun is generally represented by us. This solar disc was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly set with emeralds and precious stones. When the rays of the rising sun fell upon it, they lighted up the whole apartment, and the light was reflected from the gold ornaments on the walls and ceiling, and the temple seemed to be filled with a supernatural effulgence.

Everywhere, in South America, in Central, and North America, the Indians worshiped the sun, the solar disc. They prayed to it. They offered incense and sacrifices to it. They danced in its honor. And in their sanctuaries they kept the sacred fires as a reminder of the Force that gives and preserves life.

How did the Indians in America, in prehistoric times, come to adopt sunworship as well as many other Egyptian ideas?

From the Bible we know that whenever the Israelites decided to apostatize from the God of their fathers, they turned to Egyptian gods. Right in the shadow of Mt. Sinai, the people danced around the golden calf—possibly a representation of the Egyptian god Hathor—as they had seen the Egyptians do, or, perhaps, as they had done themselves. And when Jeroboam led the Ten Tribes in revolt from the house of David and the temple service in Jerusalem, he set up images of calves at Bethel and Dan.

Even the Jews, immediately before the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, had adopted Egyptian sun worship and were practicing it on the temple grounds, as may be gathered from Ezekiel 8:16.

When the Lamanites in this hemisphere, separated themselves from their brethren, by their rebellious spirit, and sought to destroy the Nephites and their records, it was but natural for them to adopt Egyptian sun worship, such as had been practiced by the people of Heliopolis, the city of the father-in-law of Joseph, Potiphora (Gen. 14:45), just as Amenothos did in Egypt, when he decided to establish a new mode of worship there. That is how, through the Lamanites, Egyptian sun worship may have come to America.

There is another peculiar fact connected with this discovery, which should be noticed, by our young people particularly,

It has become fashionable, lately, to regard our civilization, our arts, our intellects, and ourselves as the very highest development from lower and lower civilizations, etc., until we come down to the status of apes, and then from still lower levels down to the single cell.

If there is any foundation for this philosophy, it ought to be confirmed by such discoveries as the objects and industry and art now found in Egypt. But such confirmation is looked for in vain. The paintings made 3,500 years ago are declared to be "fully equal to modern art." The sculptured objects are "superbly molded," "beautiful," and "delicately formed." The furniture, the decorations, the jewelry, the millinery, are so exquisite that it is predicted that the opening of that grave will be the beginning of an era of new ideals in our modern fashions. The designs, and colors, it is said, are absolutely unsurpassed in beauty.

How does that fit into the modern philosophy of unfoldment?

The fact is, that no matter how far back history goes, we meet, in some part of the world, civilized nations on high levels

of culture, while other nations, in other parts, are crawling along on lower levels, just as is the fact today. This is so strikingly true that Maspero, the great French Egyptologist, does not hesitate to say that when we reach the Egypt of the era of the pyramids, we stand in the midst of a civilization that has already begun to decay from an earlier state of perfection. He says that at that time the language was already perishing of old age, the religion was changing, "art was revealing itself the nearer perfection the farther back it went into the past,"^c and political organizations and social life tended to grow slack.

A similar tale is told by the fossil remains. The earliest skull found—or rather found in the earliest strata—shows no marks of great inferiority to those of the present day. For ought we know, the Calaveras skull, a fragment of which was unearthed in 1857, in gold-bearing gravel at Table Mountain, California, may have graced the shoulders of a philosopher, and some of the bones from American mounds may be those of former great statesmen, orators, and artists.

This is so true that a scientist recently, after having explained the Mendelian law of heredity and the lessons of fossil remains, added:

"In view of all this, there does not seem to be anything solid on which to build any broad scheme of organic evolution. * * * Personally, I must confess that I have lost all faith in any scheme of evolution which would seek to derive man from the lower animals, or which would endeavor to derive the various orders or classes of animals from some common original. All this is, in the light of modern developments, too wild a scheme to be dignified with the name of even a scientific theory. It is an unscientific pipe-dream."

And this is quoted, not from a speech by Wm. J. Bryan, but from an article in an eastern publication,^d under the name of George McReady Price, prof. of geology, Union Pacific College, California.

We need have no fear for the Bible. We need not be ashamed of the Book of Mormon; for every new discovery of real scientific worth testifies to their truth. We need not be ashamed of Joseph Smith, for history as it is written today in the daily events proclaims him a prophet of God.

^c*New Light On Egypt*, p. 126.

^d*Dearborn Independent*, February 10, 1923.

Samoa's Love and Affection

In Appreciation of the Memorable Apostolic Visit of May, 1921.

By John Q. Adams, President of the Samoan Mission

In mid-afternoon of May 31, 1921, a singular and most affecting scene was enacted on the borders of the little Samoan Zion-Sauniatu. The Saints of that village, warm-hearted, impulsive, generous and responsive, as is the wont of these modern Lamanites, had thrice bidden farewell to their beloved visitors, Elders David O. McKay and Hugh J. Cannon—once at the Mission House, to be repeated a few moments later at the farther bank of the river a scant hundred yards beyond the village. Thither had followed the weeping throng of Saints, reluctant to sever the intimate and affectionate association of the immediate past. Still on and on they traversed the beautiful tropical trail that bisects the adjacent rubber plantation for a mile, a reverent group of a couple of hundred, headed by the band, to whose strains of the pathetic native farewell melody, "Goodby my Feleni," they slowly and solemnly marched. Countless sobs in unison punctuated each step, and Elder McKay, far in advance, with his party of four horsemen (one of them a horse-woman, Sister Adams) looking back with tears in his eyes, could bear it no longer—the scene and the spirit and influence of it all were altogether too affecting and remarkable. In shaking voice he bade us return with him for the third ordeal of the final farewell, a moment and an occasion of a lifetime or of centuries!

There, the now silent and expectant group standing disconsolate as Israel of old bereft of their Moses, he dismounted in the trail and raising aloft his hands as a patriarch of the past, he pronounced this remarkable and soul-stirring benediction, all clear and now partly fulfilled:

O God, our heavenly and eternal Father, there have been many impressive partings between thy people and thy chosen servants in the days of the Savior and in this day. Peter and Paul and their associates, Timothy and Marcus and Luke and others, undoubtedly wept many a tear in bidding solemn farewells; but on no occasion, we feel sure, was expressed more attachment than that which is manifest here today. Thou seest, heavenly Father, with what sorrowful feelings we bid one another farewell here in this beautiful grove, one of thy "first temples."

Holy Father, look down in love and tender mercy upon these good people. Protect them in their village from all evil influences. Bless the leading men therein, that they may be indeed kind and wise shepherds to

this little fold, and may no fierce wolves, in the shape of enmity, ill-will, and indifference "enter in among them not sparing the flock." Bless the mothers, the young men and the young women, and especially the little children. Be merciful to the little ones whose eyesight is afflicted, and others unto whom thy servants have administered. Heal the sick, we beseech thee, and restore to health and strength, through their faith and faithfulness, those who are afflicted.

May thy peace abide here in the village of Sauniatu.

Father, in thy love, prosper the labor of the hands of all who work for the necessities and comforts of life, and may they possess in abundance, food and clothing. May their plantations be fruitful in the products adapted to local conditions. But above all, may harmony abide in their hearts and home. Our Father, may they have clear understanding of the truth, and make rapid progress in gaining a knowledge of thee and thy divine work.

By virtue of the holy apostleship, and in the authority of the Priesthood with which thou hast endowed me, I seal these blessings upon these, thy Saints. May this parting and blessing prove, through thy power and mercy, a sacred blessing to them and to us, we humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior. Amen.

It is the testimony of some who cast their eyes upward momentarily as these inspired words flowed in great power from Elder McKay's lips, that a halo of brightness rested upon him like a shaft of white light, and certain it is that the borderland of heaven and earth rested in close proximity to the spot where was given this wonderful manifestation and blessing. Each listener's soul throbbed with the conviction of the truth.

Immediately after the final farewell, we left the meditating group of Saints still standing silent in the foreground, stunned at eventually losing sight of the receding figures, albeit in apparent enthrallment, while all that Elder McKay could say to us as we rode away, was "And these [pointing back at the wistful group of Saints] are they whom the world call *bad*!" We afterward learned that they at once set about perpetuating the day's great event. A hole was dug at the exact spot where had stood Brother McKay when blessing them, and into this was consigned a hermetically-sealed bottle, containing a record of the occasion, including a copy of the prayer as well as Kippen Su'a could recollect it there and then. Hymns were sung, discourses delivered, and explanations again made in detail of the significance of the great day.

* * *

A year later, May 31, 1922, one could have glimpsed a similar scene re-enacted, only on a larger scale, and in a different manner, as well as for a similar, yet dissimilar, purpose. True, our two brethren were not with us this day, in actual physical presence, but their minds and hearts were—of this we are assured, and this is what occurred.

As you saunter toward Sauniatu, from the spot in the trail

where the historic setting of a year since drew forth such abundant inspiration, your eyes discern a change in the high side of the river bank near the mission house. Taking your stand at the end of the rough, hand-hewn bridge that spans the stream just prior to setting foot upon its irregular but trustworthy



“At the rough hand-hewn bridge, you note beyond a soft grayish blue shaft” planks, you note a soft grayish-blue shaft of monumental aspect which crowns in quiet dignity the brow of the half-globular mound of earth, the whole completing a perfect picture of symmetrical guardianship that bids you step across the void and enter the realm of hospitality beyond. As to why this took place, we have already spoken. Now, as to *how*.

Months ago the subject of erecting some commemorative mark to serve in keeping green golden memories of a year ago was broached by the writer and his wife. Missionaries and Saints at once fell in with the idea. It is enough to simply state that the financing was not a difficult piece of work, with branches and individuals and the Relief Societies contributing generously. Elder L. H. Scott was placed in charge of actual construction, and he and Elders Tingey, Putnam and the writer met at Sauniatu May 6, selected without hesitancy or difference of choice the rounding knoll in question, which can and will shortly be made into a ball of green lawn studded with brilliant tropical flowers, and that day the foundation was measured and excavated



"Draped in the Union Jack and Old Glory, the shaft stood veiled like a bride"

by them. Although Sauniatu's incessant rainfall was in progress for the ensuing fortnight, the work was finished within the allotted time, and at the appointed hour of dedication on the anniversary of May 31, 1922, draped in the Union Jack and Old Glory, the shaft stood veiled like a bride ready for the ceremony to be soon pronounced and gone through.

We shall consistently touch lightly, at least, upon the inspiring scenes and activities of the thirty-first, else would this

narrative fail most ingloriously. At nine o'clock that morning, the conference having terminated two days previously, in which Savaii and Upolu islands met conjointly, the hundreds of attendants lined up in the main streets of the village, and what an imposing and inspiring picture it was! All, practically without exception, were clothed in pure white, men as well as women and children, for white is the most comfortable and restful and becoming garb of the islands. This double line extended from the church to the river, between a quarter and half a mile. At the head marched the new brass band of thirty pieces, and behind them came possibly forty-five missionaries, white and native. There were also the heads of families and their wives from Sauniatu, and a large delegation of dignified old chiefs from outside branches, veritable monarchs in their stately deportment. Scores of happy school children were in evidence, also, and various other contingents that go to make up such an assemblage. To the strains of the band, the cavalcade moved in quiet and precise order out on the forest trail beneath the rubber trees to the spot already hallowed in memory and beyond it, to permit all to congregate compactly about it. Good old veteran Opapo was placed by strong, willing hands up high in the forks of a rubber tree that stands guard over the spot, and like Zacheus of old, he peered down upon the multitude from his perch; but Opapo had a speech to make in place of the silent attitude of the other spectator. In simple eloquence and fervor he depicted the scene in 1921.

Then back to the church all marched in fine order still, filling the large edifice comfortably. A very impressive and appropriate program was rendered, songs suitable to the occasion being sung, speeches delivered, the prayer already mentioned read, and several selections given by "Brother McKay's Band," as members and Saints aptly call it. Immediately after the conclusion of this service, all adjourned to the monument site in orderly marching formation, and after a series of desirable photographs of the historical occasion were obtained, the dedicatory prayer was given by the writer. Baby Beth Adams stood ready on a large barrel with the corner of the flag which draped the monument in her grasp, and at the word "Amen," she unveiled the cement shaft, at the instant that the band broke out with the national anthem, and without pause or hitch up stepped scores of school children with armsful of wreaths and bouquets of tropical flowers, fairly burying the base of the structure with the fragrance and the riot of color of the islands. It was a splendid moment without a breath of variance or distraction, and although the spire of soft blue stood amidst it all mute and immovable, let us, who shed tears of happiness and emotion,

not say that it is but a cold, heartless mass of inorganic material pitifully incapable of speaking its purpose. Into its every inch had gone Samoa's love and affection. It was occasioned 365 days ago by love, it was subsequently conceived in love, and under



"Baby Beth Adams stood ready on a barrel, the corner of the flag in her grasp, and at the word Amen, unveiled the shaft"

the influence of that eternal principle was it constructed, and this being its genealogy, how can it continue but be warm and expressive and responsive and suggestive and eloquent in its very muteness? In it is crystallized all the affection and ap-

preciation and estimation of which this whole-souled island race is capable for their Makei and Kanona.

More fitting and prophetic was the scriptural analogy raised by Elder McKay in the last discourse delivered by him in Samoa prior to departure from these shores into the great expanse of ocean stretching to the westward, when he quoted and explained as a parting thought Genesis 51:49. *Mizpah* (watch tower) is but one word but it expresses a wealth of significance: The Lord watch between us in our separation!

The monument measures six feet square at its base, and is thirteen feet high. Buried in its exact stony bosom is a hermetically-sealed bottle in which are enclosed for the future various papers appropriate to the event, such as the apostolic blessing of Elder McKay, the photographs of him and Elder Cannon, and other descriptions and interesting notations of importance. On the face of the four-foot square section of the shaft is a beautiful bronze plate twelve by thirty inches in dimensions, on which is etched in conspicuous lettering this legend: (See *Improvement Era*, August, 1922, p. 899.)

*Today, Tuesday, May 31, 1921
Apostle David O. McKay Stood Just Across the River
And Pronounced a Memorable Apostolic Blessing
Upon the Assembled Sauniatu Saints
A Fitting Climax to a Perfect Visit
Samoa's Love is Told Thus: Mizpah
O Le Faailoga Lenei O Le Alofa
Atoatoa O Samoa Mo Misi Makei Ma
Misi Kanona. Mesepa*

A Cry in the Dark

(Written after reading of the sufferings of little children in the Near East.)

A little cry in the dark,
And fainter still at the dawn;
And the shadows creep; then endless sleep,
Before the day is gone.

A peal of bells in the morn,
Hailing the Christ Child's birth;
A shout of praise in joyous lays
Encircling wide the earth.

Ah, that little cry in the dark,
Comes from a dying host—
A gnawing pain; then night again,
As the flesh gives up the ghost.

A little cry in the dark,
So weak and yet so wild;
That on Christmas Morn the heart is torn
By the cry of a hungry child.

Lethbridge, Canada.

Frank C. Steele.

EDITORS TABLE



The Ninety-Third General Annual Conference of the Church

The conference opened on Friday, April 6, with every seat in the great Tabernacle occupied, and some people standing, both in the galleries and on the main floor. The departure from the usual custom was the calling on presidents of stakes and others to make brief addresses, not exceeding ten minutes, and the time of all the speakers was limited, so that during the three days including the Assembly Hall meetings, it was possible to hear fifty-two speakers, including the general authorities present; and this, notwithstanding the fact that the list of speakers was shortened because radios had been installed in the great Tabernacle, enabling thousands of people out doors, surrounding the Bureau of Information, to hear the speakers, who addressed the Tabernacle congregations. The testimonies were inspiring and full of hope and encouragement, and the Spirit of the Lord was present in rich measure. The music and songs were delightful. The conference was well attended, the Tabernacle being completely filled at every meeting, on Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday, greatly crowded, notwithstanding there were two large overflow meetings in the Assembly Hall, besides thousands listening at the Bureau of Information. The opening speech of President Heber J. Grant was full of pertinent points of information and counsel. Aside from the general statistical information which he presented, and which will be printed in the *Era* later, he said:

President Heber J. Grant's Opening Conference Address

Great Progress of the Church

I am grateful for the preservation of my life until the present moment, and I desire to live as long as I can be of any benefit to the Latter-day Saints. I am grateful for the very wonderful work that has been accomplished in the Salt Lake temple, since its dedication. I am grateful for the prosperity, for the advancement spiritually, temporally, and in every other way, of the Church of Jesus Christ during this period. I am

thankful for the great increase in attendance at our general conferences, in comparison to that of thirty years ago. It was very seldom we had, then, more than two-thirds as many in the audience, as we see here today, with the exception of Sundays, when, of course, we always had more people than this building could accommodate.

Clean up Towns and Villages

It is expected there will be a great increase in the tourist travel through the state from this time on, particularly through the southern part of the state, where the government and railroads are spending large sums of money to induce tourists to visit Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon, Cedar Breaks, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. In view of this, our people should take pride in cleaning up and grading their streets, fixing their fences, planting trees, and in every way making our towns and villages more attractive.

Temples and Meetinghouses

The Alberta temple is practically completed. Its furnishing and equipment is in process. It will be ready for dedication by August 1, 1923.

The building of the Arizona temple is under way. It is expected that it will be completed within two years.

Extensive alterations and improvements will be carried out this year in the Salt Lake temple, to provide facilities for the large number who visit the temple. Comparative report of total ordinances performed in the Salt Lake temple: 1918, 158,887; 1919, 189,593; 1920, 212,514; 1921, 300,474; 1922, 413,478, an increase of nearly three hundred per cent since 1918—a most remarkable and wonderful record. And our other temples, with the exception of St. George, where the population has decreased, have also had remarkable and splendid increases.

A splendid new meetinghouse has been erected in Honolulu and will be dedicated in the very near future.

A mission home is in process of erection in Atlanta, Georgia, for the accommodation of the president and office staff of the Southern States mission, the only mission of the United States that has not been furnished with suitable quarters for its president. Quite a number of chapels, some large and beautiful, are being erected in most of the missions of the United States.

The Primary Convalescent Home

The Primary Home is taking care of from twenty-five to thirty children, who need expert surgical and nursing treatment.

The Church has expended considerable means in preparing and equipping this home for these little children. Since then it has been very largely supported by the gifts of the Primary children and other benevolent persons. The Rotary Club of Salt Lake City has just donated \$1,000 to this children's home.

Training of the Aaronic Priesthood

A commendable work is being done in all the wards and stakes in the development and training of the Aaronic Priesthood and this good work should be continued.

Tithes Returned to the Stakes

I should like to call attention to the fact that the amount of tithes returned to the stakes, and total amount of charity, including that of the Relief Society and the Fast Day donations, amounts to over \$3,300,000. Considering the limited membership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to my mind this is a marvelous and wonderful showing of the liberality of the people, and of their willingness to contribute for the support and erection of meetinghouses, the support and erection of schoolhouses, and for educational, charitable and Church purposes generally.

Remarkable Increase in Temple Work

I am particularly pleased with the very remarkable increase in the labor being performed in our temples. There is no work in which the Latter-day Saints are engaged which brings greater peace and joy to the human heart than laboring in the temples for the salvation of our dead. This vicarious labor is one of the greatest that Latter-day Saints can be engaged in. It is one that brings greater satisfaction and joy than almost any other in the world, and it is one in which the Latter-day Saints have always taken great pride and great interest. I believe there is no money expended by the Church or by the individual members that has brought more comfort and happiness to the people than that expended for the erection of temples and for the labor performed therein.

I am pleased to hear that the temple erected in the Hawaiian Islands is doing a great deal by way of advertising the Latter-day Saints and causing a great many influential people—tourists visiting those wonderful islands—to take an interest in the literature of the Latter-day Saints. I hear nothing but good reports from that temple; and I also hear very wonderful and splendid reports concerning the spirit of good-will that comes through such visits to the temple that is not yet dedicated in Canada. I believe Brother Wood, the president of the Alberta

stake, might be willing to put off the dedication another year, on account of the great good that he thinks would be accomplished by admitting strangers into our temple before it is dedicated. But, we have erected that temple, of course, for temple ordinances, and when it is ready for dedication, we will dedicate it that it may be utilized for the purposes expected of us by the Lord.

The Beet Industry and the Church

A year ago, in this stand, at the opening of the conference, I devoted nearly the entire time in my address, to the beet industry. I urged upon our people, during that conference, the planting of sugar beets, and announced that I believed it would be greatly to their advantage if they would do so. This was my opinion then. I am pleased to say that during the past year the industry has been very successful, and that today it is in a very much better financial condition than it was a year ago. Two years ago this coming October the Church went in debt for the first time in many years; the Trustee-in-Trust borrowed in New York and Chicago in the neighborhood of two millions of dollars, to help the sugar industry. It went against the grain, to run the Church in debt, but it was the unanimous opinion of the Presidency and Apostles that it was a wise thing to foster this industry, by borrowing the money necessary to protect and safeguard it. I am very pleased to announce to the Latter-day Saints that all of those obligation of the Trustee-in-Trust, incurred for the support of the sugar industry, have been paid, and once more the Church has no direct floating indebtedness, barring one little note of \$10,000 that we did not get a chance to take up.

People Advised to Stay on the Farm

I believe it will be to the interests of the farmers to raise sugar beets during the coming year. I believe that the sugar industry, in our community, is one of the greatest beneficial industries that has ever been established. I feel that President Wilford Woodruff was inspired of the Lord to call upon the people to invest their means in that great enterprise; although some of the brightest of our business men had no faith in the final outcome. President Woodruff felt that the inspiration of the Lord pointed to the establishment of that industry, so as to have an increase of the products of the soil. It has always fallen to the lot of the Latter-day Saints to be engaged in tilling the soil. From the days of President Brigham Young until the present time, the leaders of this people have always advised the Latter-day Saints, as far as possible, to be engaged in tilling

the soil, and in manufacturing, and in other productive enterprises. Brigham Young preached that the Saints perhaps could go to California and get sudden wealth and come back with gold, but said it would do them very little good, while if they stayed on their farms and engaged in cultivating the soil, making homes and rearing their families, they would gain eternal riches. I believe firmly that the very best place in all the world to rear Latter-day Saints is on the farm, and that about the poorest place to rear Latter-day Saints is in the biggest city in which you can locate them. There seems to be strength, physical, moral, and religious, which comes to those engaged in cultivating the soil which, on an average, is far superior to that of any other occupation I know anything about.

At the present time there is quite a feeling that it is not worth while to stay on the farm, that the thing to do is to sell the farm, or if it is mortgaged for a large sum, to say: "Well, we will let the man who owns the mortgage cultivate it. It does not pay us to cultivate it." This is wrong. I believe that with the blessings of the Lord and with economy and the raising of products from the ground, and utilizing those products to feed cattle, sheep and hogs, and to increase your income by producing butter, eggs, cheese and in other ways, that the farms can be made profitably productive. I remember that when I was in the far-off land of Japan, I ate butter from Scandinavia, and I know that while I was in England the great majority of the time I ate butter from Scandinavia. If butter can be shipped all the way from Scandinavia to Japan, I believe butter can be raised and shipped at a profit out of this inter-mountain country. There are no finer farms to be found anywhere than can be found in this inter-mountain country. It is the best dairy country. There is no stronger, more substantial and splendid soil that will produce year after year if it is only treated right, than that of this inter-mountain country.

Thrift, Economy and Hard Times

We talk about hard times. I wish to say that I have read more than once the wise sayings of Benjamin Franklin, on thrift and economy, and his reference to the people's complaint against the tax burdens laid upon them. He says that the luxuries in which the people indulge and the wasteful expenditure of their money is a far greater burden, many times over, than the taxes and the public burdens the people have to meet. Today, the great majority of all the money put into automobiles is for pleasure. In the state of Utah we have 50,000 automobiles. I think we have a few more than that. I do not believe the depreciation, wear and tear, the oil, gasoline, and the tires will

cost less than \$50.00 a month per car on the average; 50,000 cars at fifty dollars each a month is \$2,500,000; multiplied by twelve, is \$30,000,000 a year, principally an unnecessary expense. I believe that this figure could be cut squarly in two, if people made up their minds to do it. I believe that nearly all of the hardships of a majority of the people would disappear if they were willing to forego the habit of wearing silk stockings, so to speak, and get back to the ordinary manner of dressing in a rather quiet, unassuming way; stay away from about nine-tenths of the picture-shows that they attend, return to the ways of thrift and economy that I have heard preached from this stand from the days of President Brigham Young until today.

I believe that the burdens that are upon the Latter-day Saints would be very light indeed had the people listened to the advice of our late beloved President Joseph F. Smith, to get out of debt; when everything was booming, when they could sell all of their sheep and their cattle and nearly everything they had for about two or three times its cost instead of running, as they did, further into debt, increasing their mortgages on homes and live-stock, believing that every dollar they could borrow meant increased wealth to them. President Joseph F. Smith's warning sank into my heart. If I have had one opportunity, being in debt, to go in deeper, I have had scores offered to me, but I remembered the teaching of President Smith and I went to work that day to get out of debt and not to speculate one single solitary dollar until I did get out of debt; and, with the exception of some small loans on my life insurance policies—I have saved by investing in a building society every month enough to pay these loans—I do not today personally owe a dollar. If I had not listened to and taken the inspired advice of President Smith, I think I should be everlastingly "busted," because of the very many good things that have been offered to me since for financial investments. President Smith's inspired words found echo in my heart and I went on from then until his death singing, "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet to guide us," instead of adding, "providing he does not guide us to keep out of debt," as a good many people should be singing today.

An Appeal to Support Home Industry

Brethren and sisters, support our home manufactured goods of all kinds and all descriptions. At a recent conference, I pleaded with the people to do this, and told story after story about home-made goods, and announced that I was going to have a Provo suit of clothes. I got that suit and have been wearing it ever since, but it is a little old now, and so thought I would put on my black suit again this morning. Let us support

our home industries. Let us stay on the farm. Let us remember that our fathers sacrificed and came here for the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I want again to assure you that the best place in the world to rear Latter-day Saints is on the soil. I know of people who have sold their farms, gone to California or some other place to work, and spent all their farms brought them. Now they are wishing they had enough to get back to Utah.

"Oh say what is Truth? 'Tis the fairest gem
That the riches of worlds can produce;
And priceless the value of truth will be, when
The proud monarch's costliest diadem
Is counted but dross and refuse."

We have the truth to give to the world. We have the plan of life and salvation. We have the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and if we will live our religion, the Lord God Almighty will bless us.

"Yes, say, what is Truth? 'Tis the brightest prize
To which mortals or Gods can aspire:
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies;
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire."

Every Latter-day Saint should have a desire, above all other things, that his life should proclaim the truth, and that his life should be a teacher of the truth, not only to the world, but especially to his own family.

"The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp,
When with winds of stern justice he copes,
But the pillar of truth will endure to the last,
And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand the rude blast
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes."

"Then say what is Truth? 'Tis the last and the first,
For the limits of time it steps o'er;
Though the heavens depart, and the earth's fountains burst,
Truth, the sum of existence, will weather the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore."

I pray the Lord to bless us abundantly in this conference. We are going to have more speakers than ever before, for we are going to limit the time of the speakers including myself. I usually talk an hour in my opening address: I decided to take thirty minutes this morning and I have just about one minute left.

We are going to depart a little from our usual custom, and call on the presidents of stakes and others to make brief addresses, not exceeding ten minutes. I earnestly pray the blessings of the Lord to attend you. Amen.

Messages from the Missions

Ten Recently Baptized

The elders of the Wellington N. Z., Conference report that their labors in the land of the Southern Cross during the past year have been most enjoyable and successful. Porirua, a little town in this conference has been the scene of a great gathering, for at Christmas time Maoris and Europeans from all over the Dominion were assembled to enjoy a wonderful spiritual feast. This conference, or Hue Tau, is held annually and all who attend testify that they are, "real gatherings." We humbly acknowledge the blessings of our heavenly Father in our labors and are thankful because of the fact that ten more souls were recently gathered into the fold. We all look forward to the coming of the *Era* each month, for the encouragement and spiritual instruction which it contains are indeed inspiring. Kia Ora from the home of the Maori.



Elders left to right, back: Royal L. Garff, Salt Lake; Ralph V. Baird, Lewiston; Angus W. Westover, Centerfield; front, E. R. Nelson, conference president, Moroni, Utah; James A. Rawson, Preston, Idaho.

E. R. Nelson, Box 72, Auckland, N. Z.

New Plan of Tracting

Royal S. Bell, of Maryland, reports that the missionary work in the Maryland conference is making favorable progress. The missionaries are concentrating their efforts in introducing a new plan of systematic tracting recently designed by President B. H. Roberts for the mission, and its effectiveness is already being shown. The work of the M. I. A. in Baltimore the past winter is very gratifying. The *Era* will be found in practically every home, and in spite of our limited numbers, we have been following very closely its outlines. We express our deepest appreciation for the *Era* because of its elevating suggestions and the assistance it renders us in proclaiming the gospel. Last fall our missionaries began active work in Washington, D. C., and are meeting with a marked degree of success.

Recently a Y. L. M. I. A. was organized and this organization is now meeting in conjunction with the local priesthood. There are about 200 Utahns residing in our capital city, and for that reason, it is one of the most flourishing branches of the mission.



Following are the names of the Maryland conference missionaries: Top row, left to right, Charles J. Goodall, Price; Joseph A. Manzione, Beaver; Albert E. Noall, Salt Lake City; Asa F. Hatch, Woods Cross; J. LeMar Bird, Provo; Job Hemsley, Plano, Idaho; Burton E. Tew, Mapleton, Utah; Arnold J. Koeler, Union; E. L. Sloan, Portland, Oregon. Bottom row: Ernest R. Lee, Hyde Park, outgoing conference president; Florence Lee, Brigham, Utah; B. H. Roberts, president Eastern states mission; Alice Haroldsen, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Royal S. Bell, Monroe, Utah, incoming conference president.

Seventeen Baptized

The missionary labors in the Oregon conference with headquarters at Portland, are very encouraging. All the branches and organizations in the conference are in splendid condition. "The Spirit giveth life," and we are growing, daily growing, because we have the spirit of the work. Our choir, organized some months ago, has been under the able direction of Brother Conrad Weber. On March 22, 1923, a grand concert was given in the Portland chapel. Of noteworthy interest is the work being conducted by the Relief Society. Much distress was relieved during the recent siege of sickness and want. A successful dance netted neat returns to help carry on their good work. Their services, March 18, in commemoration of the organization of the Relief Society were most inspiring. We have members who are students of the University of Oregon, at Eugene; and at the Oregon Agricultural College, at Corvallis. Organizations there make

it possible for them to attend to their Church duties. On March 4 we baptized seven, and on the 17th, two other converts, which made our baptisms number seventeen since the first of the year.



Missionaries, left to right, top row: Winifred S. Haynie, William L. Crane, Susan Wood, Eugene P. Watkins, mission secretary; Delesa Rencher, J. Lloyd Olpin, Edwin Fish. Second row: Terry J. Oldroyd, Erma McGavin, Gene Livingston, outgoing conference president; Brigham S. Young, mission president; Orson P. Wright, incoming conference president; Mary Mathis, Orson Haynie. Third row: Velma Nebeker, Allan Jensen, Josephine Herman, Verne G. Halliday, William H. Wall, Duena Christensen. Bottom row: Arthur Sawyer, Milton Morrell.

The *Era* is enjoyed by missionaries. They find it a source of help in their work, and it is a big factor in making our Mutual work interesting and successful—Elder Orson P. Wright, conference president.

Stuttgarter Conference Organized

President LeRoi B. Gardner of the Frankfurter conference, Germany, reports that a conference was held at Frankfurt, January 13-15, President Serge F. Ballif being present. "There were 80 members of the priesthood at the priesthood meeting. In this meeting, held January 13, President Ballif proposed dividing the conference, which, up to this time, has included fifteen branches, 1500 Saints and over one-fifth the total area of Germany. The proposition was heartily received, and the Stuttgarter conference was organized out of the Frankfurter conference. Elder Armond J. Eardley was the principal speaker and there was a good spirit felt throughout all the meetings. Many friends reported to us that they were converted and asked for baptism. At the missionary meeting the reports of the missionaries were excellent and President Ballif gave his usual forceful and energetic instructions and counsel to the workers. In nearly every branch

the Saints have started Church building associations for the purpose of collecting money to build churches. In spite of the fact that the drop in the value of the mark has hit them all mighty hard, they are pushing ahead and changing the money immediately to dollars or Swiss francs, so that their savings may be safe. The missionaries are being blessed in every way and enjoying the work immensely. We are all mighty proud to belong to the Swiss-German mission, and our aim is to put it ahead of all other missions. The *Era* is one of our best helps in our missionary labors." It might be interesting to the *Era* readers to know that the letter and photograph from which this was taken was carried from Germany to the *Era* office with 256 marks in postage stamps.



Missionaries, left to right, sitting: D. Owen Thurman, Salt Lake City; Grant Pugmire, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Llewelyn R. McKay, Ogden, Utah; First row: Eugene Maier, Mannheim, Germany, conference secretary; Thomas Biesinger, Arthur Bohn, Salt Lake City; LeRoi B. Gardner, Lehi, president of the Frankfurter conference; Serge F. Ballif, Logan, president Swiss-German mission; Armand J. Eardley, Salt Lake City, president of the newly organized Stuttgarter conference; Carl Trost, John H. Zenger, John Wendel, Salt Lake City. Third row standing: Robert Hammann, Salt Lake City; Emil Schultz, Berlin, Germany; William Ludwig, Swigau, Germany; Cecil A. Cunningham, Grace, Idaho; John D. Montague, Elsinore; Welby W. Bigelow, Panguitch; Arthur A. Felsted, Garland, Utah; Max Hoerold, Goerlitz, Germany; Erich Hollstein, Koenigsberg, Germany; Frederick Faerber, Freiburg, Germany; Richard Schuetze, Dresden, Germany.

Back row: Walter Brey, Hamburg, Germany; Alfred Haussmann, Dresden, Germany; Clifton N. Ottosen, Manti; Wallace E. Broberg, Salt Lake City; Henry Brown, Ogden; Averill Warren Larson, Ephraim, Utah; James C. Sharp, St. Anthony, Idaho; Scot Hillam, Brigham City; Raymond L. Margetts, Salt Lake City; LeRoy Bunnell, Provo, Utah; Curt Haehle, Chemnitz, Germany; Russel B. Swenson, Pleasant Grove; Ludwig H. Schoberth, Salt Lake City; John Mack, Rexburg, Idaho.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

Sacramental Meeting May 13 to be in Charge of Aaronic Priesthood

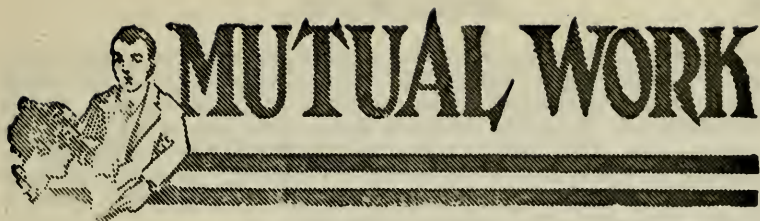
There has been sent to the presidencies of the various stakes of Zion, a request by the First Presidency of the Church that members of the Aaronic priesthood shall conduct the exercises in the Sacramental meetings in all the wards of the Church on May 13. The following suggestive program has been sent by the Presiding Bishopric to the wards of the Church, and will give a clear idea of the exercises to be carried out, of course, always under the direction of the bishops of the wards:

Suggestive Program

1. Opening song by the Aaronic priesthood: "Come, all ye sons of God."
The deacons, and if necessary, teachers and priests should be organized into a chorus and trained to render the hymns that will be sung. It is preferable for that occasion that the chorister and the organist, also, be a member of the Aaronic priesthood.
2. Prayer by a priest or teacher.
3. The Aaronic priesthood: "An angel from on high," to be sung as a duet and chorus—or other suitable hymn.
4. Sacrament to be administered by two priests, assisted by the deacons.
5. The ordination of the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery to be recited in unison by the deacons. Doc. & Cov. 13.
After the sacrament is administered, it would be a very proper proceeding for one of the priests to read Doctrine and Covenants 20: 46-60 inclusive.
6. Singing by the Aaronic priesthood and congregation.

Books

How We Learn, is the title of a text book for the Teacher-Training classes for 1923. This is a book of some 108 pages, with 24 lessons dealing principally with psychological topics and methods of teaching invaluable to students of teaching. The *Improvement Era* and other Church magazines, as our readers have noticed, are carrying notes and comments that clear up doubtful points in the outlines for the benefit of students and teachers. Orders for the publication will be filled by the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City.



Recreational Work in the Church Assigned to the M. I. A.

On March 22, General Superintendent George Albert Smith of the Y. M. M. I. A. sent a circular letter to the stake superintendents calling their attention to the communication sent out by the First Presidency to the presidents of stakes under date of March 8, assigning to the M. I. A. the supervision over the general recreational activities of the Church. They also informed the presidents of stakes that stake and ward social committees were released, and called their attention to the importance of selecting for the new committees the very best material in the stake for leadership of our recreation and leisure time work. Superintendent Smith asks the stake superintendents to comply with the following requests:

"Please, in company with the stake president of the Young Ladies, confer with your stake president, if you have not already done so, and perfect this organization, letting us know at once the name of the chairman of your stake committee on recreation and his address.

"Our committee of the General Board is holding weekly meetings and perfecting further plans in this important work, and we are anxious to have our organizations in stakes and wards perfected at once. The selection of the chairman of this work, both in the stake and ward organization, is very important, and should receive your careful and prayerful consideration."

Where these requests have not yet been complied with, stake superintendents are urged to take the matter up with the stake authorities without delay and report the selection of the chairman of stake recreational committees to the General Board immediately. The order of assignment and method of organization are given in the 1923 Y. M. M. I. A. *Hand Book*, page 155, to which officers are referred for further instructions. See also *Improvement Era* for April, page 575.

Monthly Message to "M" Men

By Thomas A. Beal, Member of the General Board

VII—PRAYER

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

In these beautiful words of the poet we have the true spirit of prayer. More has been accomplished by prayer than the world has ever dreamed of. We are told in sacred writings that if we will bow down before God and call on his name in faith that we shall receive that which we desire. This promise has been put to the test by thousands and the request has been fulfilled. Gratitude compels us all to acknowledge divine assistance in many things. Hundreds of testimonies have been borne of the efficacy of prayer. Only by divine assistance as a result of faith and prayer were the lives of the early settlers of our commonwealth saved from utter starvation.

All great men, both religiously and politically, as well as poets, have

been believers in prayer. We all remember the prayer of George Washington at Valley Forge.—Lincoln, too, was a believer in prayer and sought divine guidance in handling the affairs of this great nation in times of peril and destruction. It was not by chance that the great men of the world were believing men. They were great men because they had the courage and imagination to believe greatly—to believe in a personal God and to call upon him for assistance. The poets have frequently expressed their belief in prayer. Coleridge in the *Ancient Mariner* says—

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

And Ella Wheeler Wilcox says—

“I do not attempt to say
That literal answers come from heaven,
But this I know that when I pray
A comfort and a solace is given.

Even the disbeliever is known to have sought the Lord in prayer in moments of danger. Why? Because he felt that only the Lord could help him.

However, prayer without faith and action to accompany it will avail us little. More than words alone is necessary. God expects every one to do his part. He who prays just to be seen has already received his reward in being seen. The Lord does not expect us to seek him boldly and audaciously, but rather in humility, believing that he can and will answer our supplications, if we offer them in faith and keep his commandments. Believing in the promises of the Lord men have undertaken great tasks in the interests of humanity. Joseph the Prophet, though only a boy, one day in reading the scriptures came across the passage in James 1: 5, 6, which reads: “If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and unbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.” Confidence in this promise led him to seek the Lord in prayer, concerning the different churches then extant, as to which one was true so that he might know which to join. In answer to his supplication he received a personal visitation of the Father and the Son and was advised to join none of them, for though they had a form of Godliness they denied the power thereof. Would space permit, numerous instances might be given to show that prayers have been answered.

The radio and wireless are among the best evidences in the world that it is possible for God to hear our prayers. If man can talk to man thousands of miles away without wires on which to carry that message, is it not just as reasonable that the Creator of all can also hear messages that are sent to him? But whether our petitions will be answered or not is another question. That will depend on their reasonableness. Just as a wise parent often refuses the request of a child, so will our heavenly Parent refuse our requests if they are not for good. Our daily thought should be to our Maker to help us to guide ourselves aright so that we may be of the greatest service to him and to mankind.

“There are only two alternatives in this world; either the whole universe is a whim, or a caprice, and doomed to destruction, or else there is a God behind it all, watching the battle, guiding it and managing the whole creation as a vast mechanism for the production of personality and character, which are eternal. We can take our choice. We can, if we choose, regard life as one instant in a ‘brief and discreditable episode,’ or we can

think of ourselves as Jesus Christ thought of himself, as a Son of God, and heir to eternity." But don't imagine that it makes no difference how we choose. Life is not merely a tissue of paper to be crumpled and tossed into a great discard. Life is real. What would be more futile than spending a lifetime building a character that is to end at the grave?

Prayer increases faith, and likewise faith precedes prayer. To strengthen our faith it is necessary to pray always. Spiritual growth comes from prayer and faith. The "M" Men would do well to adopt as their slogan for the coming year: We stand for spiritual growth through individual and family prayer.

A Director of Music for the M. I. A.

B. Cecil Gates, graduate of the Charwenka Conservatory of Music, Berlin, was recently nominated by the superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. and sustained by the General Board as music director of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Church, at a meeting of the Board, held March 21, 1923. B. Cecil Gates is a member of the faculty of the L. D. S. School of Music, and has been head of the music work of the L. D. S. U. for about ten years. Besides that, he has been assistant director of the Tabernacle choir for about four years, and is a competent musician, teacher and composer from whom we may expect great assistance in the furtherance of music in the Y. M. M. I. A.

Home Dramatic Company, Ephraim

W. M. Orrock of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, reports that the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Mt. Pleasant wards, North Sampete stake, presented a four act drama in the High School auditorium on February 27, entitled, "Christopher Junior." It is a high class performance with an excellent cast under the direction of Mrs. Francis Nelson. Members participating are as



follows, left to right: William M. Orrock—Christopher, Junior; Ray Jorgensen—Mr. Glibb; Florence Merz—Mrs. Jedbery; Arthur Wheeler—Whimper; Eva Truscott—Nellie; Vernon Anderson—Job; Helen Larson,—Dora; Merrill Olson—Jedbery, Sr; Luella Jorgensen—Mrs Glibb; Carol Madsen—Bellaby; Marcus Marx—Simpson. Theodore Christensen, who took the part of major, was not present when the picture was taken. This is but one of the many creditable dramatic intertainments that have been given by the young people of the M. I. A. throughout the Church the

past winter and this spring, as a part of their activities in the Mutual Improvement work. —

Monthly Joint M. I. A. Meetings

A series of twelve programs under the general title, "The Faith of Our Fathers," will be offered for use in fast Sunday joint meetings of the M. I. A. for the year. These subjects may be given as addresses, or may be subdivided, giving opportunity for several members to take part in one evening. The thought throughout should be to show what kind of faith our fathers had and not merely to present facts in story form or otherwise. For the first meeting in June the following is suggested:

The Faith of our Fathers in a Living, Personal God. References: *History of the Church*, vol. 1, or any Church volume containing an account of the Prophet Joseph's first vision; *Life of Joseph Smith*, page 302; *Life of Heber C. Kimball*, page 437; *Leaves from my Journal*, chapter 19; *A String of Pearls*, pages 94-95.

It would be well to have parents and acquaintances of members of the associations, as well as Church leaders, give their experiences on the subject. The above is a mere suggestion for June, 1923; and twelve lessons provided by the General Boards will be published hereafter, covering the monthly joint meetings for the year.

Off for Zion, Bryce and Cedar Breaks

H. S. Alvord, scoutmaster of Minersville, Utah, reports that the troop, of which the above is a group picture, was taken while spending a day in the Union Pacific shops, and printing offices in getting pointers from the



doctors on the care of the mouth and teeth, as well as first aid, all of which happened in Milford. "Our local troop expects to take a trip to Zion, Bryce, and Cedar Breaks this spring. In two undertakings we have been able to clear something like \$56 for this purpose, and are arranging for more entertainments. The boy scouts arrange and produce the entertainments, as well as the instructive things."

The Thousand Per Cent Team

Orion Jensen, president of the Second ward Y. M. M. I. A., Brigham City, Utah, sends this picture of the Second ward M. I. A. baseball team for last year, 1922. He calls it the 1000% team. Under the management of Dr. R. A. Pearse and W. H. Stayner, these boys did not lose a game during the whole season in the Box Elder stake M. I. A. league, which



comprised eight teams. Names of the boys from left to right: Armstrong Pearce, Ray Facer, W. H. Stayner, manager; Leland Davis, Theodore Nelson, Norman Peterson. Front row: Earl Facer, Harper Pearse, Julius Burt, LeRoy Hess, and Henry Nelson.

"M" Men Banquet

Owen McGary, secretary Shelley stake, Idaho, reports "an 'M' Men's banquet for the Shelley stake, Idaho, held on the evening of March 10, 1923. Supervisor Z. Reed Miller mailed each 'M' man in all the wards of the stake an invitation, to bring a sandwich, a piece of cake, and a cheery spirit, and meet the stake members in the Basalt chapel at 6 o'clock. They came, with a number of bishops, their counselors, Young Men's superintendency and members of the stake presidency, all of whom made a jolly, live bunch. Get-acquainted games, program numbers, talks by bishops, a humorous debate, entitled, 'Resolved that the Ford is an animal'; and the partaking of the splendid cafeteria luncheon of sandwiches, pickles, salad, cakes and juicy apples, were among the doings. During the feasting a bishop's counselor said, 'If the 'M' Men can do this often, I do not care how often they do it.' He is a man who loves good food and a good time."

M. I. A. in Canada

Secretary John T. Paradise of the Canadian mission, writes from Toronto, Canada, April 9: "The fruits of the labors of the missionaries of the Canadian mission have been manifest by the number who have been converted and the number of friends and investigators who are visited regularly by the missionaries. Canada seems to be a rich field, and no doubt, many honest souls will enter in by the gate into the sheepfold as the months and years go by. There are eight conferences in the mission now and three organized branches. In the Toronto conference the Mutual Improvement Association is fully organized, and a good attendance is usually present at each of the meetings, which for convenience, are held on Thursday evenings. The M. I. A. program is carefully carried out, and the lessons as given in the *Era* are studied and appreciated by the Advanced Senior class."

The Genuine Sport Spirit

In the last number of the *Era* a trip of the Almo and Malta M Men teams to Grouse Creek for a basket ball contest was mentioned. We learn from Superintendent J. Henry Thompson, Raft River stake, that four days were taken for the journey, under circumstances that ought to interest boys who have less difficulty in getting to their contests. Such experiences as the Almo and Malta young men had are calculated to test the genuine sport spirit, and make character. Superintendent Thompson accompanied the boys, and writes: "Yours Truly" was a sight to behold. I got very 'snow burned.' I work indoors entirely, and the sun reflection on the snow fields sure did bore in. Brother Lorenzo Durfee, my second assistant, accompanied us. We left Almo on March 14 about 8:30 a. m. in a raging blizzard, in 'white tops.' We arrived at the foot of the mountain dividing the two valleys about 1 p. m. where Bishop Ernest Simpers met us, and reaching his home his wife insisted that we all have dinner. We readily abided by her counsel, and ate. Meanwhile, the bishop prepared his bob sleigh and hooked our four head of horses onto it. Next we all piled on and away we went. The snow was deep right from the start, and the horses couldn't make the summit half way up. We then started afoot, Indian file. Bishop Simpers turned his outfit and went home. We had 'some' scramble through the snow! A new ten or twelve inches had just fallen, and say the wind did sift it along! Our tracks were blown out in three minutes. Personally, I had a hard time. I was the heaviest of all the reitows. My avoirdupois was against me and I sounded bottom quite frequently. We had to follow the ridge mostly, and just literally waded through the unavoidable drifts. We took turns in breaking trail. Getting down into the canyon on the other side of the summit, and, turning a corner into the high brush, we met Bishop W. F. Richens, of Grouse Creek, with a four-horse bob sleigh outfit. He had gone just about as far as he could with his outfit. How we did appreciate rolling into that sleigh, tired and leg-weary! We drove into Grouse Creek, twelve miles further on, in good time for supper, and then off to the games. The Grouse Creek Church is a beautiful white-rock structure, good to look upon, with electric lights, amusement hall in the basement, and altogether a remarkable Church house—a real credit to the community. Our boys from Malta and Almo labored under a handicap, in that the baskets or hoops were only two feet from the ceiling, and so, in the natural order of things, they had a poor show for scoring, the Grouse Creek people being used to the peculiar situation of the baskets, the visitors lost both games, but felt pretty good over it, and promised the Grouse Creek boys a hot contest when they return the games, 70 miles away, over on the Malta side of the mountain. We arrived home on the 17th of March just in time to help the Relief Society eat luncheon at their an-

niversary party. We had a four-day trip in storm and sunshine, and no one regretted it. Grouse Creek has a good name for hospitality. Interward activities are quiet a problem with us. It means the expenditure of much time and some means in travel, but we are grateful for the large measure of response which is forthcoming. The M. I. A. workers are longing for the time when we shall have an adequate stake house for recreational activities and tournaments. We are working on the fund for this purpose and have about one-half of our quota paid."

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, March, 1923

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River	509	12	12	100	259	151	193	703	80	112	75	93	360
Beaver	287	6	4	36	71	55	101	263	31	65	46	82	224
Benson	841	13	13	113	129	250	328	820	94	61	120	209	484
Box Elder	800	13	13	103	319	188	255	865	85	225	124	158	592
Cache	520	8	8	92	76	178	267	613	69	33	135	197	432
Carbon	360	9	3	25	90	46	97	258	20	33	12	22	87
Cottonwood	789	12	8	75	90	171	236	572	44	29	80	159	312
Deseret	454	11	11	80	190	110	170	550	50	103	54	89	296
Duchesne	340	13	9	44	64	89	92	289	37	36	44	58	175
Emery	555	10	6	52	90	164	181	487	42	62	106	130	340
Granite	1881	16	16	172	233	379	647	1431	143	118	204	424	889
Hyrum	500	10	6	61	67	85	101	314	43	38	44	60	185
Juab	356	5	5	49	100	106	146	401	34	69	72	100	275
Kanab	222	6	6	44	62	39	102	247	25	32	22	57	136
Liberty	1200	11	11	102	285	312	511	1210	87	147	180	334	748
Logan	608	11	11	106	90	164	251	611	90	60	95	196	441
Millard	338	7	4	33	65	77	68	243	27	32	30	31	120
Morgan	202	9	8	59	57	70	121	307	39	27	43	81	190
Mt. Ogden	507	6	6	50	89	118	213	470	39	45	74	155	313
Nebo	968	15	15	105	180	209	366	860	79	76	112	251	518
No. Davis	446	8	8	64	72	97	198	431	38	37	52	123	250
No. Sanpete	578	14	9	172	91	224	236	723	104	49	140	138	431
No. Sevier	156	6	4	26	84	56	77	243	26	57	27	47	157
No. Weber	644	17	15	102	61	238	230	631	75	23	110	118	324
Ogden	800	10	10	93	99	231	240	663	72	40	109	147	368
Pioneer	920	13	13	85	186	241	363	875	83	92	141	229	545
Roosevelt	340	11	11	84	103	87	127	401	59	60	52	79	250
St. George	650	14	10	85	142	239	215	681	60	61	108	134	363
Salt Lake	1067	12	12	124	184	174	392	874	106	69	91	251	517
San Juan	270	4	4	33	83	67	106	289	22	31	20	45	118
Sevier	363	6	6	54	122	120	152	448	40	40	47	86	213
So. Davis	497	8	8	68	88	161	229	546	48	68	89	109	314
So. Sanpete	734	11	9	55	128	210	189	582	53	63	122	123	361
Summit	359	11	9	83	60	139	165	447	35	24	39	56	154
Tintic	230	5	5	31	77	56	117	281	19	43	27	80	169
Tooele	420	11	10	59	90	75	88	312	37	48	34	39	158
Uintah	614	9	8	57	59	150	141	407	54	40	70	73	237
Wasatch	386	9	8	54	97	142	116	409	41	55	88	66	250
Wayne	190	6	6	40	17	115	83	255	23	6	60	56	145
Weber	630	8	8	59	98	175	184	516	44	42	74	120	280
Bear Lake	395	11	10	75	79	124	177	455	55	46	64	105	270
Bingham	500	12	7	83	212	114	156	565	41	64	45	56	206
Blackfoot	514	12	10	85	122	95	151	463	56	73	54	70	253
Poise	330	8	4	30	49	49	57	195	20	35	37	24	116
Burley	399	10	10	78	144	126	137	485	48	79	68	72	267
Cassia	208	6	6	41	77	62	77	257	26	61	39	52	168
Curlew	130	10	5	40	49	38	60	187	21	15	19	29	84
Franklin	357	11	10	103	161	161	190	615	68	25	70	68	231

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, March, 1923

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Fremont	680	13	13	117	189	236	227	769	85	115	152	132	484
Idaho	117	12	4	36	24	17	17	94	26	16	8	12	62
Lost River	127	5	5	83	71	71	80	305	35	68	28	36	167
Malad	361	8	8	60	60	190	132	442	45	33	119	77	274
Oncida	376	11	11	89	136	83	154	462	43	47	46	69	205
Pocatello	432	10	8	70	55	107	135	367	47	28	50	69	200
Portneuf	348	13	9	84	105	111	115	415	50	45	51	60	206
Raft River	160	11	8	36	87	42	51	216	24	40	20	39	123
Rigby	543	15	13	97	148	124	166	535	76	81	96	120	373
Teton	300	8	6	49	22	79	39	189	38	32	40	23	138
Twin Falls	214	9	7	57	54	71	73	255	45	43	56	73	217
Juarez	120	5	5	24	60	30	33	147	19	45	20	22	106
Alberta	345	11	11	78	170	133	186	576	59	98	84	126	367
Lethbridge	216	10	10	76	122	77	100	375	59	59	41	61	220
Los Angeles	400	7	6	50	136	113	72	371	42	101	89	52	284
Mariopca	390	9	9	68	183	108	157	516	53	79	71	86	289
St. Johns	229	8	5	30	48	87	61	226	21	33	62	32	148
St. Joseph	500	13	5	42	48	64	88	242	32	30	48	68	178
San Luis	210	4	4	37	61	72	61	231	31	41	51	45	168
Snowflake	258	7	7	47	100	45	118	310	30	60	14	56	160
Taylor	332	6	6	51	144	130	143	468	43	88	95	103	329
Union	160	6	6	44	68	39	50	201	34	29	23	21	107
Woodruff	425	8	6	60	80	68	95	303	45	65	50	75	235
Young	103	5	4	27	37	40	38	142	24	24	27	29	104

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, March, 1923

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in Y. M. I. A. Programs	Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or T. T. Classes	Total
Bear River	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	96
Beaver	9	8	7	7	7	5	5	7	5	6	66
Benson	10	6	10	9	10	9	8	10	8	7	87
Box Elder	10	10	10	9	10	9	7	9	10	9	93
Cache	10	10	10	9	9	9	5	10	10	9	91
Carbon	7	4	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	5	85
Cottonwood	7	6	7	7	6	5	7	6	5	4	60
Deseret	10	6	8	10	9	9	7	10	6	6	81
Duchesne	8	10	5	2	6	3	5	7	5	3	54
Emery	8	10	10	6	10	9	6	10	9	9	87
Granite	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	10	10	10	97
Hyrum	7	7	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	92
Juab	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Kanab	10	6	8	2	10	9	8	10	8	8	79
Liberty	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	98
Logan	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	9	96
Millard	7	5	10	4	8	10	8	10	5	5	67
Morgan	10	6	8	10	10	10	7	10	6	5	82
Mt. Ogden	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	7	95
Nebo	9	8	10	10	10	7	7	10	10	7	88
North Davis	9	7	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	8	92
North Sanpete	10	6	7	6	9	8	8	8	8	6	76

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, March, 1923

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or T. T. Classes	Total
North Sevier ...	10	10	10	2	10	5	7	5	5	2	66
North Weber ...	9	8	7	5	8	8	9	9	9	7	79
Ogden ...	8	6	10	9	8	9	10	10	10	9	89
Pioneer ...	9	8	10	10	10	9	8	10	8	8	90
Roosevelt ...	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	96
St. George ...	10	7	6	8	9	7	8	9	3	5	72
Salt Lake ...	8	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	9	9	92
San Juan ...	10	4	10	10	10	10	6	10	10	9	89
Sevier ...	10	7	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	9	94
South Davis ...	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	7	95
South Sanpete ...	7	7	7	6	7	8	5	8	5	7	67
Summit ...	10	4	7	6	7	8	9	10	4	5	70
Tintic ...	10	10	10	10	8	8	10	10	10	8	94
Tooele ...	7	5	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	7	85
Uintah ...	7	6	6	3	7	8	8	10	8	4	67
Wasatch ...	10	8	9	6	10	9	10	10	9	7	88
Wayne ...	10	5	8	3	8	10	7	10	6	2	69
Weber ...	9	8	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	95
Bear Lake ...	10	6	8	7	9	8	8	9	7	3	75
Bingham ...	10	4	7	9	10	9	9	7	6	9	80
Blackfoot ...	8	6	10	7	10	9	9	10	8	7	84
Blaine ...	10	6	10	5	7	5	7	10	5	5	70
Boise ...	6	6	10	4	10	9	7	10	10	4	76
Burley ...	10	6	7	6	10	9	9	9	7	6	79
Cassia ...	10	6	8	8	8	10	10	10	8	7	85
Curlew ...	10	5	6	6	8	9	9	8	4	4	69
Franklin ...	10	4	8	8	10	10	8	7	7	3	75
Fremont ...	10	9	8	9	10	9	9	10	10	8	92
Idaho ...	8	9	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	5	42
Lost River ...	10	5	10	5	10	10	7	10	10	5	82
Malad ...	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	94
Oreida ...	10	5	9	8	10	9	8	7	7	6	79
Pocatello ...	9	5	8	7	8	6	7	7	8	4	69
Portneuf ...	10	7	9	3	10	7	6	9	5	2	68
Raft River ...	10	6	9	2	7	10	10	8	6	5	73
Rigby ...	10	10	10	5	10	8	6	10	10	10	89
Teton ...	9	9	8	4	10	10	8	10	8	5	81
Yellowstone ...	10	10	10	6	10	6	10	10	9	7	88
Juarez ...	10	10	10	6	10	10	8	10	10	10	94
Alberta ...	10	8	8	10	8	9	9	8	7	6	82
Lethbridge ...	10	6	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	95
Los Angeles ...	9	10	8	6	10	5	8	9	9	9	83
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The M. I. A. June Conference

The annual June conference of the M. I. A. will be held on June 8, 9, and 10. First class program. Department meetings of Advanced Senior, Senior, and Junior and Scout departments, for officers, will be an outstanding feature. The usual meetings and entertainments. All workers are invited. Come and have a good time.

PASSING EVENTS



Hyrum Fisher Smith died, March 9, at his home in Provo. He was the eldest son of the late Patriarch John Smith.

Princess Yolanda was married, April 9, in Rome, to Count de Bergolo. She is the eldest daughter of King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena, of Italy.

Utah's wool crop, this season, is estimated at fourteen million pounds, valued at \$6 500,000. Pre-shearing sales have ranged from 43 to 50 cents a pound.

The D. H. Peery building in Ogder, was destroyed by a fire, March 14, which, at one time, threatened the entire business district of the city. The damage is estimated at \$360,000.

Former Queen Milica, of Montenegro, died at Antibes, France, March 16, at the age of 76 years. She was known among her people as the "peasant queen," because she had spent part of her early years on a farm.

President Heber J. Grant was elected a director of the Union Pacific Railroad Co., April 10, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Wm. G. Rockefeller. The meeting was held in the Salt Lake offices of the company.

Fascisti societies are being formed in the United States, according to an announcement by the Fascisti prime minister of Italy. His idea is to keep the Italian "colonists" in America "strictly Italian and devoted to Italian interests."

The new Ensign ward chapel was dedicated, Sunday, April 1, by President Heber J. Grant. The building is situated at Ninth Avenue and D St., Salt Lake City, and is one of the very handsome and convenient places of worship in the city.

Elders Charles S. Hyde and Fred Tadge left for Europe, March 16, where they will preside over the Netherlands and the Swiss and German missions, respectively. They were accompanied by their families and six missionaries appointed to labor in various parts in Europe.

Rodney C. Badger, Salt Lake City, died, at a hospital, April 12, of blood poisoning. He was born in Salt Lake City in 1848, and has lived here ever since. For the last five years he has been in the service of the Zion's Saving Bank and Trust Company. For many years he was a member of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

*Human flesh is sold for food in Russia, according to a statement made by Dr. Hamilton Holt, is an address to the students of the University of Utah, as reported in the press. Dr. Holt is the editor of the *Independent*, and a member of the National League to Enforce Peace.*

U. S. Senator, Samuel D. Nichol森, of Colorado, died, at Denver, March 24, after a month's illness. The cause of death was declared to be cancer of

the liver. For some time previous to his fatal illness, he suffered slight pains which he ascribed to indigestion, but his condition grew gradually more serious until the end came.

John M. Redmond was 100 years old, April 11. He celebrated the day at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. James Allerman, Salt Lake City. He gave several vocal solos in a creditable manner. He has been a resident of Utah since 1877, and a member of the Church for 82 years. He was converted in England, his native country.

The population of Salt Lake City is estimated at 126,241, by the census bureau provided that the growth conditions have continued as they were in 1920. That was the report sent out from Washington, April 6th. New York, by the same report, is nearing the six-million mark; Chicago has nearly three millions; Philadelphia two, and Detroit, one million.

Stuyvesant Fish died, April 10, as he entered the National Park bank, of which he was a director, to attend a meeting. The cause of death was heart trouble. Fish was formerly president of the Illinois Central, and a dominant figure in the financial world. He was born in New York, June 24, 1851, and served in President Grant's cabinet as secretary of state.

A new anesthetic was declared a success, in an announcement from Chicago, March 16. It was discovered fourteen years ago and has been perfected and tried in several hospitals. With the new gas, we are told, there is no choking or gagging. It deadens pain and leaves no bad after-effects. The anesthetic is called athylene gas and is formed from illuminating gas.

William H. Cassity, Tooele, Utah, died in that city, March 18, after an illness of five weeks. At the time of his death he was city judge; also first counselor in the North ward bishopric. He has held many important positions both in the Church and the community and filled them with ability and devotion to duty. He was born at St. Louis, Mo., March 14, 1856. He came to Tooele City 50 years ago.

Utah rises to second place in beet sugar production; Colorado standing first. The lineup of the other states is in the following order: Nebraska, Michigan, California, Idaho, Ohio, Montana, Wyoming, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, Washington, and Kansas. The total production of beet sugar in the United States for the season of 1922-1923 was 13,498,900 bags, while that of the previous season was 20,403,384 bags.

The Earl of Carnarvon died, April 4, at Cairo, Egypt, of blood poisoning, due to the bite of an insect. He has been prominent before the public lately, as the discoverer of the grave of Tut-Ankh-Amen in the Valley of Kings, near Luxor, Egypt. Shortly before his death, an Arab priest, Abdulla Ben Aliba, said he would die at the time of the full moon, because the curse of Allah was upon him for having disturbed the grave of the pharaoh.

Ezra Thompson, a former mayor of Salt Lake City, died, April 8, at his home in this city, from a complication of diseases, 73 years of age. He was born in Salt Lake July 17, 1850, and became one of the largest real estate owners here. In 1898, he was elected mayor of Salt Lake and remained in office till 1904. In 1906 he was again elected on the so-called "American" ticket. At this time he resigned after a year's service. He was also a successful mining operator.

William E. Cunningham perished in the flames which destroyed the Arlington hotel, March 14. He was a veteran railroad man, known as "Bingham Bill" Cunningham from the fact that he was formerly conductor

on the Denver & Rio Grande Western train operating between Salt Lake and Bingham. The partly charred body was found in the ruins of the hotel at 11:30 o'clock March 16, by E. S. Barker, Ezra W. Paul, and C. E. Perry. Soon after the removal of the body to the Kirkendall mortuary, Wells Cunningham, a son of the veteran, identified the body.

Elder Harden Bennion was appointed first counselor in the Salt Lake Stake presidency, March 11, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Elder Edward T. Ashton. He was born at Taylorsville, Utah, 1862. Legislative duties first brought him to Salt Lake, when he served two terms in the state legislature from the Twelfth district beginning in 1899. For eight years he served on the state board of equalization, resigning in 1916 when he was elected secretary of state in which capacity he served a four-year term. Elder Bennion has been a member of the presidency of the Uintah stake for two years and has held various offices in the Church.

President Heber J. Grant arrived home from the coast, March 19. During his visit to Los Angeles he addressed a number of well-attended meetings. The following ward officials were appointed: Hollywood, Melbourne C. Stewart, bishop; Angus E. Peterson, first counselor; Wilbur W. Conover, second counselor; Mathoni Mead Pratt, clerk; Boyle Heights, Daniel P. Cheney, bishop; Charles C. Brent, first counselor; John T. Arbridge, second counselor; Ezra L. Marler, clerk; Adams ward, Hans B. Nielson, bishop. Gatherings in Los Angeles were also addressed by Presiding Bishop C. W. Nibley, President Joseph W. McMurrin of the California mission. Elder John A. Widtsoe and Oscar A. Kirkham executive director of the Y. M. M. I. A.

The Party of Freedom, or the League of Liberty, is the name of a new political organization. Ernest Bamberger is mentioned as one of the leaders of the "conservative wing" of the party. There is, also, as appears from the Tribune, April 1, a "Bolshevik" wing. To place a ticket in the field in the fall city election and to support men for office for all city, school district, county and state elections who believe in the liberal policies of the organization embodied in resolutions passed by the Party of Freedom at a meeting, March 31, is the aim of the party. Plans for its perpetuation were discussed. The right of American citizens to use public restaurants as smoking rooms was not discussed, but it was stated emphatically that a party was needed that would not stand for "religious interference in government."

Samuel A. Whitney died, March 16, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary A. Stringham, at Millville, Utah. He was born at Palmyra, Union Co., Ohio, Nov. 10, 1840, and was the son of Alonzo Wells Whitney. The elder Mr. Whitney joined the Church early in 1840 and not long after moved to Nauvoo, Ill. There he passed through the persecutions and was finally driven across the Mississippi and died there. At the age of nearly 7 years Samuel A. Whitney started with other pioneers across the plains and arrived in Utah September 29, 1847, with the second company of pioneers that came to the valley. Mr. Whitney came to Logan, April 19, 1860, and has lived there ever since that time. He served with the Thomas E. Ricks company of minutemen in Indian fights in the valley and fulfilled a mission for the L. D. S. Church by herding cattle on the Church farm for three years. In 1864 he married Fannie Vall. Twelve children have been born, ten of whom are living.

President Anthony W. Ivins was elected president of the board of trustees of the Utah Agricultural College, Logan, April 2, when the board

met to reorganize and plan for its ministration. New members of the board who qualified were Hamilton Gardner and Lorenzo N. Stohl of Salt Lake, Roy Bullen of Logan, A. R. McIntyre of Ogden and Randall L. Jones of Cedar City. Mr. Stohl has just been appointed but served as member of the board and was formerly its president for many years. The retiring members are Frank B. Stephens of Salt Lake, W. S. Hansen, George W. Skidmore and Mrs. Lois Hayball, all of Logan. John Dern and A. G. Barber, two board members, died during the past year. The holdover members of the board are President Ivins, Mr. Howard L. Judd, of Salt Lake, Angus T. Wright of Ogden, Dr. O. H. Budge and C. P. Cardon of Logan and J. D. Peters of Brigham City.

Senator Reed Smoot returned home from Washington, March 15. He praises the work done by the short session of the last Congress. Speaking of the present condition in the country, he says, as quoted in one interview: "At the beginning of the session agriculture was in despondency. There were millions of unemployed and idle cars were noted everywhere on the railroads. While agriculture has not fully recovered, it is on the high road to normal conditions. There are no unemployed, except the lazy. The chief trouble the railroads are having is to get cars enough to handle the traffic. Building is on the boom. Deposits in savings banks have increased and interest rates have declined. Our foreign trade is increasing with leaps and bounds, contrary to all prediction of the calamity howlers. Taxes for federal purposes have been reduced. Military armament has been limited and our chief foreign credit, with England, has been funded. Peace is assured on the Pacific and emigration has been restrained, within reasonable limits and the American business world has confidence in the future.

The Einstein theory of relativity has been confirmed, says Dr. W. W. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, Cal., by calculations based on photographs of the sun taken by him during the total eclipse of the sun, September 21, 1922, at Wallal, Australia. Einstein maintains that light is matter, and that the rays of a star passing close to another large celestial body would, therefore, be bent out of their course by gravitation. This, Mr. Campbell thinks, the photographs prove. But Prof. F. J. Lee, government astronomer at Mare Island, says he does not believe the theory is capable of proof. The so-called Einstein theory, as explained in the dispatches, also regards time and space as relative, distance having meaning only in relation of objects to each other, and time, being measured by the relation of events, and subject to motion for its existence as a method of measurement. But it goes further than that away from the beaten track. It regards time as a fourth "dimension" and presents to us a "world" composed of events, each of which is described by four numbers namely, the three well-known space co-ordinates and a time co-ordinate. A four-dimensioned world is, by no means, a new concept, but it fits well into the new theory.

Indians go on the warpath, near Blanding, Utah, to rescue two of their band sentenced to jail for robbing a sheepherder. A pitched battle was fought March 20, and one Indian known as Bishop's Boy, was killed. The trouble dates to May, 1921. At the sheepcamp of Floyd Nielson numerous petty robberies had occurred. One night Bishop's Boy and another Indian known as Dutch's Boy were caught. It was these two who were placed on trial for the thefts in Blanding before a justice of the peace. Meanwhile members of the band had been notified. They appeared in a body in a village street bedecked in war paint. At noon time, the two prisoners disarmed the sheriff and escaped. Armed posses were then sent into the hills and the battle ensued. Nine Indians were captured and one was killed by the posse, March 22, in Dark canyon, beyond Comb wash. Five of the captives escaped

during the night, and the other four were taken to Blanding. The Indians, it was said, had been reinforced by Utes and Piutes from Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona. The leader is "Old Posey," who led the band in the disturbances and looting expeditions some years ago. On March 24, a reward of \$100. was offered by the state for the capture of "Old Posey."

Aretta Young, born September 10, 1864, in St. Charles, Idaho, was the daughter of Franklin and Anna M. Sabin Young. She died Sunday, March 25, 1923, at Provo, Utah. She entered the Brigham Young University first in 1883. With the odds of ill health against her, she made an heroic struggle to remain in school a year and had it not been for the kindness extended to her by Dr. Karl G. Maeser she must have given up in despair. She returned to the Brigham Young Academy three different times after her first entrance into the school, and graduated from the normal department. She was gifted in art lines, and no person ever connected with the institution has done more exquisite needle work than she. Since her return from Columbia University, where she made a specialty of drawing and painting, her creative instinct has expressed itself mainly in drawing and water color. She has written all her life, chiefly poems. Practically every magazine in the Church has published at some time or other her verses. Always very fond of flowers, she has been more responsible than any other person connected with the institution for the cut flowers found on the rostrum, in the faculty room, and in the offices of the president and president emeritus. With the exception only of President George H. Brimhall, she was the senior member of the faculty of the Brigham Young University. An excellent teacher, she at one time stood at the head of the normal training school of the Brigham Young Academy, gaining recognition for the clever manner in which she presented stories to children.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt died, March 26, at her home in Paris. The death was due to uraemic poisoning. At her bedside were the widow of Edmond Rostand and the poet's son, Maurice Rostand; also her grandson, M. Gosse. During a period of consciousness extreme unction was administered to her which she acknowledged with a faint movement of her hands, being too weak to speak. She suffered greatly in her last illness, except in the closing hours, but, ever thoughtful of others, she concealed her pain from all but Dr. Marot. From time to time she became delirious and declaimed passages from the tragedy "Phedre" and "L'Aiglon," her two greatest triumphs. Madame Bernhardt was born October 22, 1845, her mother being a Dutch Jewess and her father a Frenchman. At the age of 12 she was sent to a French convent. At the age of 14 she was sent to a conservatory and displayed wonderful genius for tragedy. In August, 1862, she made her first appearance at the Comedie Francaise, and a few years later she was one of the brightest stars in the theatrical world, and she has held her popularity to the last. Madame Bernhardt has been in Salt Lake City several times. In 1906 she played Camille at Saltair. In 1911, she presented *L'Aiglon* at the Salt Lake theatre. In 1913 she appeared at the Orpheum, then at State St. At that time the great Ohio flood had taken a toll of many lives, and she volunteered to sell newspapers for the benefit of the flood sufferers. The first paper she sold was, as the writer remembers it, a copy of *The Deseret News*, which brought a price of \$100. In 1917 she paid another visit to Salt Lake City. At that time she had an artificial leg, but she appeared in a sketch written especially for her and so constructed that she delivered all of her lines either standing with something to lean upon, or reclining on a couch.

Adams' Ward "M" Men

The "M" men of the Adams ward (Los Angeles M. I. A. are doing big things. Under the direction of C. B. Stewart, Jr., and presided over by Jay Grant, they have already put over a number of activities. On Feb. 14 they entertained at a Valentine party given at La Casa De Flores. A special five-piece orchestra played twenty numbers. Novelty caps were furnished to each guest on entrance and a grand march and prize dance were other features of the evening. Two special piano selections were given by Elder Alex F. Schriener. Special guests included President and Mrs. Jos. W. McMurrin, mission M. I. A. officers and the new stake M. I. A. presidencies.

The association has successfully played *Bought and Paid For*, at Los Angeles, Long Beach, and Ocean Park. At the present time they are working on another play to be presented in the near future.—*Gustave O. Larson.*

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